

Monroeville High School

ECHO

1911-1912



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Monroeville High School.

Senior Class.

Echo

The
Monroeville High School

E C H O

1911 and 1912

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Fort Wayne, Indiana

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The Monroeville High School Alumni Association
June, 1994
in honor of the 100th anniversary of the Association.
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Deborah (Klinker) Eidson, Secretary
Class of 1967

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Monroeville, Indiana

The
MONROEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

* E C H O *



MONROEVILLE, INDIANA

1911

GORDON JACKSON

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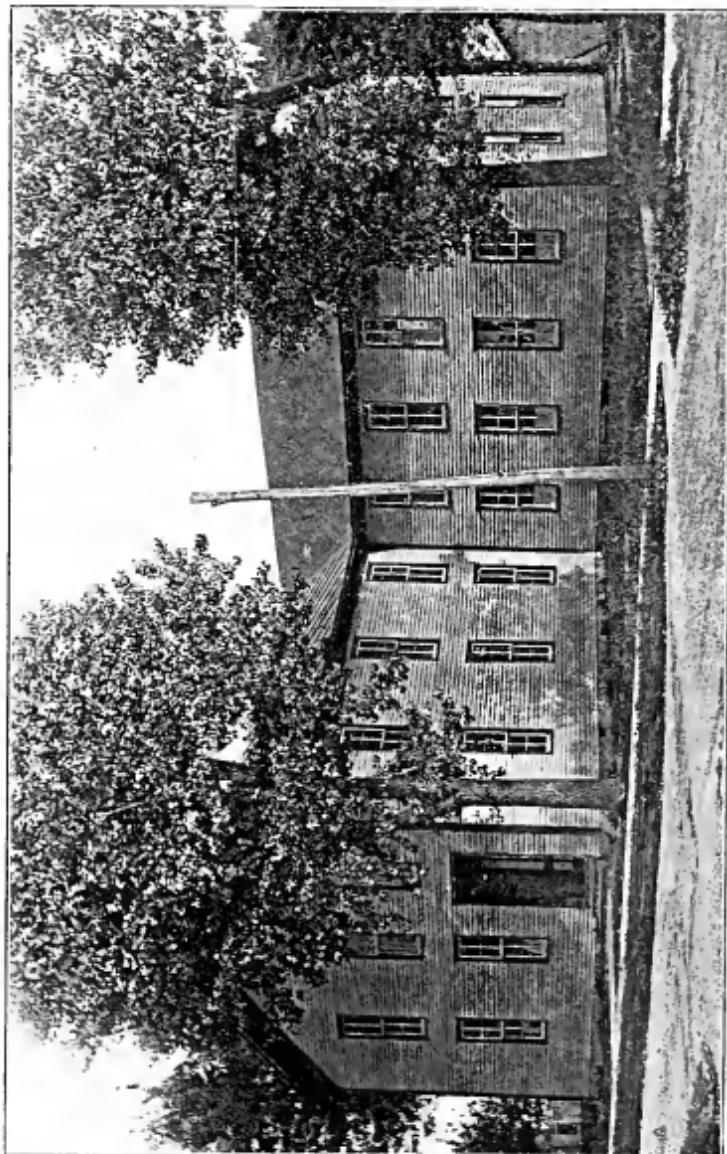
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HIS is the first time within its history that the Monroeville High School has attempted to publish an Annual and we hope that the public will appreciate our efforts in our endeavor to demonstrate the high efficiency and unquestionable progress of our school



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

To Our Esteemed and Honored
Superintendent Nathan W. Coil
The Monroeville High School
Respectfully Dedicates
This Annual



Nathan B. Coil, A. B.

Superintendent Coil was graduated from the Laotto High School with the class of 1902 and from Wabash College in 1906. He spent three years in the Science Department of the College of Arts and Sciences in Cornell University. Coupled with this his scholarship is an untiring energy and a conscientious devotion to his work which have given him a high place in the esteem of the students, teachers, and citizens.



Miss Mary Funican, Principal.

Miss Funican is a graduate of the Reelsville High School and was graduated with the class of 1910 from the Terre Haute State Normal. By her unselfish devotion in maintaining the excellency of our school she has secured for herself the approval of all.

FACULTY



Geo. J. Thompson



Minta Morrison



Edna M. Eckles



Elsie Jones



Louis Enhiser

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Senior Class History.

Laureine Jones '11

The present Senior Class entered upon the joys and sorrows of High School life in 1907. The members of the class were Rose Kauffman, Emily Cook, Charles McArdle, Daniel Battenberg, Rose McArdle, Edgar Crabill, Charles Mencer, Burton Walters, James Cress, Laureine Jones, Raymond Valentine, and Allan Stephenson. The teacher was W. J. Morrison. During the year they organized and elected Rose Kauffman president together with other officers, but though organized in name they did not yet have the class spirit, "See the point?"

Their contribution to the first school exhibit consisted of little booklets, each containing the outlines and stories of the plays "Julius Caesar" and "The Merchant of Venice" with stiff paper backs and held together by red and white ribbons, the class colors. The making of these was their first great problem and caused them no end of worry until they were finished.

As sophomores their number decreased to eight. Those who had dropped out were Daniel Battenberg, Charles Mencer, Raymond Valentine and Charles McArdle. The last two were going to another school. At the close of the year they gave a "progressive eat" in honor of their instructors. There was music and recitations at each of the homes and they began to believe that they were pretty good entertainers.

When the members of the class became juniors there were six of them, Burton Walters and Rose McArdle having gone to Fort Wayne with the fallacious idea of finding a better school. But if the Monroe-ville juniors lost them they gained enough to make up in the person of Miss Merna Ainsworth. Somebody started calling them the "Sleepy Juniors" and it was taken up by the school. Feeling much abused they were drawn more closely together. They were the banner Latin class and finished Cicero's four orations against Cataline and all but three chapters of another. The other studies were pursued as diligently. Mr. Fuller and Miss Parks left us at the close of this year.

Now we see them as five in number. James Cress moved away and Allan Stephenson became possessed with the aforesaid fallacious idea of finding a better school. But then there is Helen Cowan and she makes up for two or three. Whatever may have been the truth of the term "sleepy juniors" they could by no stretch of the imagination be called sleepy now. They look back with wonder upon their forlorn selves of former years.

There are long papers to be written frequently; and they are, in a manner used to conquering problems, but still they think with fear and trembling of the orations they are to give for commencement. The class has the honor of furnishing the editor of the "Echo." Edgar Crabill. Rose Kauffman is the president of the class, Merna Ains-

worth, secretary, Laureine Jones, treasurer. They are well pleased with their teachers who are Mr. Nathan W. Coil, of Laotto, and Miss Mary Funican, of Greencastle, and think them worthy of being their last.

The Benefits of Education.

Helen Cowan '11

Inseparably linked with the thoughts of happy care-free youth, come the recollections of school days. The time when youth gathers the golden grains of knowledge into memry's store house, all unconscious that the fragments of knowledge thus gained are of infinitely greater value than the most priceless, material treasure. Thus during the early period of life, the youth lays the foundation upon which the whole future structure of life, depends.

It is at school that the love of honesty is learned, not because it is the best policy, but for honesty's own sake. The love of all virtues becomes prevalent among young persons, gaining an education, because virtue exists in the heart. Ruskin said, "Education inspires a love for the Heavenly Father, by the true insight it gives into the pure divinity of his character.

On entering school, the child, who has always been tenderly nurtured, by maternal love and care, is, for the first time called upon to take a part in the great drama of life. In this drama he is confronted with the problems hitherto unknown, and undreamed of. He is called upon to face questions which have formerly always been met by his parents.

As character develops, the child attending the public schools is more to be envied than his richer brother, taught by a private instructor. This pampered youth has not the incentive to work, which his more fortunate, though poorer brother has, for, competition and rivalry make the student desire, always to study harder, that he may equal or excel his classmates.

A great benefit derived from education is self control. Johnston thought that, he is more to be envied who secures a poor education along with self control, than he who gains much knowledge, but fails to gain that all important attribute, self control, no matter how high or low his status in the world.

Not the least important of the factors gained in an education, is, the patriotic regard with which the student becomes inspired. No amount of training is counted a burden, if it is to maintain the honor of the beloved school, in some contest or game against a neighboring school. This loyal school spirit as a child develops into maturity merges into a love of country. He becomes equally as eager to do his duty to his country as formerly to his school. One of our great thinkers makes the assertion that education is the cheapest fortification any nation can invest in. In our own liberty loving land the necessity for

SENIOR CLASS



Rose Kauffman



Merna Ainsworth



Edgar Crabbill



Laureine Jones



Helen Cowan

education is an urgent one, for universal suffrage, without a general education would mean universal misery. An ignorant man with a ballot in hand would be infinitely more harmful to a country, than one carrying arms against its government.

In conclusion the words of our great statesman, Daniel Webster, make a fitting summary of the benefits of education. "Work upon marble will perish, time will efface it. Temples reared of earthly material will crumble into dust. But work done on mortal minds imbues them with the fear of their God, and the love of their fellows. Thus is engraved on these tablets that which will brighten eternity."

Tom's Story.

Edgar Crabill '11

Yes my name is Tom Brown. I don't suppose you wonder why the janitor put me out of the church a week ago last Sunday evening. Well, I am going to tell you the facts of this little incident.

I came in company with Johnnie Jones and he said, that he would back me out going to church that evening. I didn't want to go but a person cannot take that kind of a dare. About ten minutes before time for the services to begin, we met in front of the building and after some heated argument as to which one should go in first we concluded that we would go in, with my companion in the lead. Well, we went in and became occupants of two of the seats in the outermost row just opposite a large window. Things went along in fine shape for a time, but it wasn't long until I fell asleep with my head hanging down on my breast. Just at this time someone opened the window and poured about a gallon of ice water down the back of my neck, you ought to have seen me. I straightened out so quickly that I slid off the edge of the seat and under the one in front of me. That move made a considerable of a noise and some of the young people began laughing. I did not have time to get myself untangled and out from under the seat until the janitor had me by the ear.

Well, he wasn't long in putting me out nor was I long in deciding to get even with him and I was not going to forget the maxim of the Indian, that is, I was not going to forget the interest.

I knew where he always sat and the other night while lying in wake-land I thought of a scheme, by which I could revenge myself upon the janitor. On the morrow I climbed into the church by way of a window that I might carry my plan into execution. I drilled a small hole through his chair and then took a rubber band and a darning needle, fastened the rubber under the hole so that it was stretched down and held by a little stick. Then I dropped the needle down through the hole and tied a long thread to the stick he always used for a stove-poker, and passed it under the seats back to the rear end of the church, and I had my trap finished.

Sunday evening seemed a long time coming, but when it did come I was there in plenty of time and was seated near the key to my trap. I waited until the preacher had attained a great speed in his sermon and until the janitor began to nod, then I pulled on the string. Say, you ought to have seen that gray haired janitor jump. A college high-jumper could not have "come close" with him. Before things quieted down again the preacher became angry and gave everybody within sight a good "talking to" but that didn't do any good. Now don't you go and "squeal" on me or I'll get a whaling sure. "Mum is the word."

Mischievous Jim.

Merna Ainsworth '11

James Carton was the largest pupil in the little district school, and of course, thought himself to be quite a man, although he was only thirteen years of age.

This position in the school gave "Jim" Carton very great authority among his classmates, or at least he assumed great authority. Every one looked up to the "King of the school" as he was sometimes called. Even the school mistress smiled when she saw Jim, surrounded by a large number of boys smaller than himself, who listened to some joke they were to play, upon their "dear teacher."

As soon as the school bell rang in the morning a red haired, snug-nosed, freckled-faced, lad would dash into the school room, all the time trying to get ahead of his fellow classmates. As soon as the little school mistress had called to order her small brood and everything had become quiet, Jim would begin his morning exercise by pinching the ears of the boy or girl sitting ahead of him. He would continue such pranks until the teacher would reprove him and then he would act for awhile as if trying to reform.

Everything would go well for a time, but soon Jim would be drawing pictures on his slate in order to amuse the small children, until the teacher would deprive him of the use of his slate. This never seemed to have serious effect, and he would soon be engaged in thrusting his lead pencil down his neighbor's collar.

These and other misdemeanors were practiced by the so-called "King" to such an extent that the young mistress, her patience worn by the pranks of the young reprobate, would punish him by placing him upon the floor before the school. Thus he would stand with a large dunce cap perched upon his frounsed head, and thus the entire school was in a continual uproar, due to the pranks of "Mischievous Jim."

Commencement Week.

Baccalaureate

M. E. Church, Sunday, May 7, 8:00 P. M.

Subject: "Higher Yet"-----Rev. L. D. Rehl

Eighth Grade Commencement, May 9, 8:00 P. M.

Music -----	Etude Club
Invocation	
Music -----	Etude Club
"Education in a Democracy"-----	Prof. W. A. Fox
Music -----	Etude Club
Presentation of Diplomas-----	Supt. Coil
Music -----	Etude Club
Benediction	

High School Commencement, May 11, 8:00 P. M.

Music -----	Taylor University Quartet
Invocation	
Music -----	Quartet
"American Stars"-----	Oration
	Rose Kauffman
"Phidippides" -----	Oration
	Laureine Jones
Music -----	Quartet
"A National Problem" -----	Oration
	Edgar Crabill
"The Future of the Class of '11"-----	Oration
	Merna Ainsworth
"We Can be What We Will To Be"-----	Oration
	Helen Cowan
Music -----	Quartet
The Destruction of Jerusalem	R. A. Coil
Music -----	Quartet
Presentation of Diplomas-----	Supt. N. W. Coil
Music -----	Quartet
Benediction	

Alumni Banquet, Friday Evening, May 12.

Loyalty.

Laureine Jones '11

Loyalty is a virtue usually brought to light in adversity, or when one is tempted. It is the opposite of treason. Aaron Burr, was not loyal, neither was Judas; the one betrayed his country, the other his master. One who pledges his word, and fulfills it in spite of all, shows loyalty.

Yet some of the noblest examples of loyalty are of those loyal to their ideas of right rather than to any specific promise. Such a one was Sir Walter Scott who, when business failures were upon him worked for years writing book after book until worn out, rather than have anyone suffer. Another was Ruth of Bible fame. Had Naomi asked her to follow her to Bethlehem? Ah, no, she urged her not to do so. What is more beautiful than the reply of Ruth? "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

The most noticeable loyalty is loyalty to country, especially in time of war, for more people are interested in a common cause, and it is therefore easier to find. But it sometimes seems to be a negative quality as well as positive, for one may be true in one way and by the same act be false in another. In such a class are spies in time of war. Nathan Hale was loyal to America, yet in the eyes of the British he was a traitor, and as such he met his death nobly saying, "My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country." A different case, because not inherently right was that of Sir Launcelot who was loyal to Guinevere and disloyal to his king.

"His honor rooted in dishonor stood
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Loyalty is synonymous with faith, and no hard and fast line can be drawn between the two.

When solemn vows have been given it is important to be loyal to them. Many people are wrongly trained, do not think anything of breaking promises, whether those made in taking office, in matrimony, or in church. So it is refreshing to find those in whom the virtue, or emotion of loyalty has an abiding place.





**Rev. L. D. Rehl, Pastor M. E. Church,
who delivered Baccalaureate
Address**



**Prof. W. A. Fox, of Tri-State College
who gave Commencement
Address**



M. E. Church, where Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered May 7, 1911

Cheerfulness.

Rose Kauffman '11

Cheerfulness implies a bright and equable temper or disposition, which shows itself in the face, the voice, and the actions. It suggests a strong and spontaneous but quiet flow of even spirit. By some there is often no distinction made between cheerfulness and mirth. There are no words which explain the difference in more concise terms than those of the *Spectator* which are "Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent."

Cheerfulness banishes all displeasing cares and discontent, soothes and composes the passions and keeps up a kind of daylight in the soul and fills it with perpetual serenity.

If we consider cheerfulness with regard to ourselves and to those with whom we associate it will not a little recommend itself on each of these circumstances. The person who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind is not only easy in his thoughts but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul; his imagination is always clear and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled whether in action or in solitude.

Does not a cheerful person taste all the pleasures which are poured about him and never feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him?

If we consider him in relations to the persons with whom he converses it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging but raises the same good humor in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companions and naturally there comes from his heart a feeling of deep friendship and benevolence.

Cheerfulness is what the world needs. Beecher once said, "If a man has springs of cheerfulness in him, I beg of you not to stop them. Let him keep them open that they may be a source of joy and consolation to his fellowmen." Have a smile and pleasant expression for everybody, young and old.

But we must not forget there is a fitness for all things and there is a vast difference between a smile or silly grin or chuckle, which, as everyone knows are the product of an empty brain and thoughtless spirit. There are times and places when even a smile is out of place and that is just the time when some people have them in abundance. And there is a time for everything so there is a time to be sober, as when the spirit is crushed and the heart sore we are given to tears, for the giver of smiles is the giver of tears.

Class Prophecy.

Helen Cowan '11

In the first year of Coil, king of High School, came an angel unto the prophetess Helen, saying it is ordained that thou shalt reveal the future of thy class.

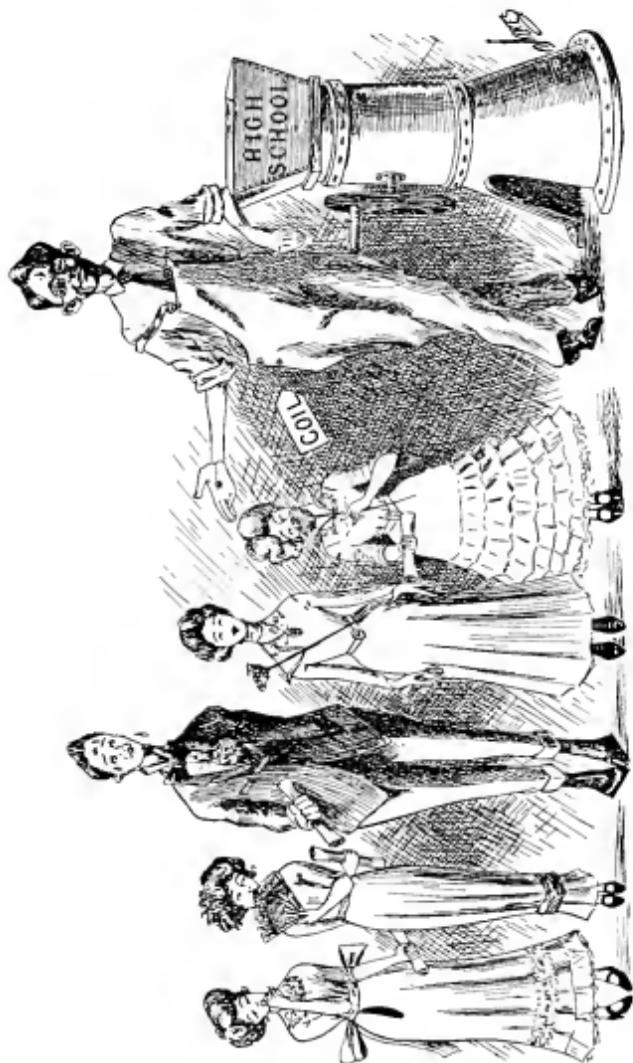
A vision came before mine eyes of the year nineteen hundred nineteen. Into my sight, as from the earth arose a magnificent structure whose graceful outlines surpassed the beauty of the Grecian temples. The angel bade me follow. He led me into the temple which was finished in marble, up many flights of stairs, and out on a balcony, thereon a woman was seated in an ivory chair. She grasped in her hands a huge instrument through which she communed with the man in the moon. As she lowered the instrument I perceived that her face wore a melancholy expression. She extended her hand in friendly greeting. Not until the old Platonic smile stole over her countenance, did I know her as my former classmate Laureine. I asked her why one so young and beautiful as she, looked so sad. She replied that by means of this instrument which she had invented she could communicate with her affinity. But she feared she could never be with him in person. I tried to comfort her by saying that some day she might be able to make another invention bridging the distance. But she answered sadly, "Nevermore."

We passed on ascending a steep hill, at the summit we paused before a modest cottage. Within, a man and woman sat before the grate, watching the antics of two small Brownies who sported in the firelight. This then was the end of all of Merna's proud hopes and aspirations to be a great artist.

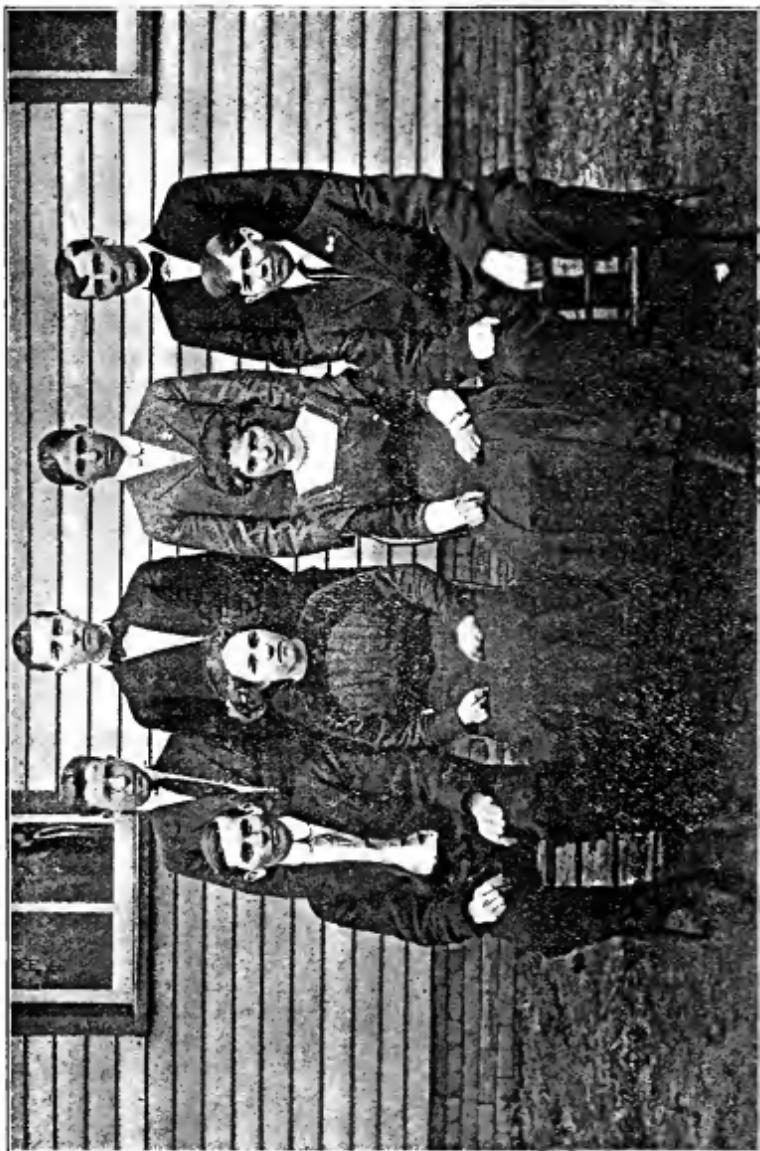
Day began to dawn as we descended the hill to the sea. A ship of pearl with sails of purple and gold was just leaving the shore. Seated among the many attendants, in kingly pomp and splendor, was a man. He arose, calling me by an old and well remembered appellation. I greeted him as Edgar. He spake unto me, saying that he was called to distant strands as the most high official in the International peace conference. As the boat receded from view, he waved me a last farewell.

The scene shifted to an open place. In the distance I descried a woman approaching as though borne on the wings of the wind. Her hair was unbound and floating over her shoulders. In her hand she bore a net aloft. In her haste she did not see us. But I recognized the features of Rose. We followed her many leagues, at the same high rate of speed, and had the pleasure of seeing her arrive at the goal of her ambition. When almost spent with her exertion, she finally ensnared a wisp of Haye. Thus we left her regarding her capture, as though it were a priceless jewel.

Then I beheld many stately halls of learning, and I was glad indeed, thinking my dreams of the future were to be realized. But it was not ordained that I should know, for the angel vanished, leaving me to the realities of life.



IT IS FINISHED



JUNIOR CLASS.

Individual Responsibility.

Coyle Brown '12

The education, moral and intellectual of every individual must chiefly be the result of his own work. How else could it happen that young men who have precisely the same opportunities should be continually presenting us with different results of attaining such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is often in favor of the unfortunate one.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college, sometimes from the same home, two young men one of whom will attain a high place among the leading men of today, while the other is scarcely above the ordinary; yet you will see the genius sinking in poverty and wretchedness, while on the other hand you observe the one of mediocrity plodding his slow but sure way through life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at last to eminence and distinction and becoming a blessing to his country. Whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Man is the architect of his own life.

Sympathy and encouragement are great helping hands to a boy or girl who earnestly strives to overcome the many obstacles that come before them in life. In many cases words of encouragement are most effective as an incentive in the lives of these young persons, and often form the only solid basis on which they can reach forth and attain the object desired.

Yet every youth should be made to feel that if he should get through the world successfully he must rely mainly upon himself and his own independent energies. If he cultivates within himself the habit of clinging to others, when the storms of life come he looks around for some one to cling to or lean upon. If his support is gone he cannot stand. Once down he is helpless, and can not arise without assistance. But the one who implants within himself the idea that whatever he makes of life is his own work and relies upon his own strength will not falter when the storms come, but will stand firm.

Wealth, greatness, and power are within the reach of every one who is ambitious enough to attain them. For those who make use of spare moments and improve their opportunities are sure to win. Many great men have achieved their greatness by improving their spare moments.

Let us all strive for the highest attainments, be self supporting, and not allow time to pass without yielding fruits worthy of ourselves and in keeping with our opportunities.



Juniors.

You may say what you like of the juniors
And use them in jokes if you please
But when it comes down to hard thinking
The juniors tower lofty as trees.

We consist of but eight, what of that?
We are quality rather than size.
You will never find one of them late
Or shirking or cheating besides.

The two girls will come first of all
Whose names you have often heard called
As Alma and Mabelle. Each lass
Is honored by all of our class.

There now remain six young men
Very bright and intelligent lads,
Each one has the strength of ten
And as brave as the knight Galahad.

I shall not take the trouble to name them
They are popular now as it is.
But now just sit up and listen
They'll be the first under four year commission. . . .

A Junior.

How a Boy Made His Fortune.

Fred Bucher '13

"Who says I cannot finish my High School course?" exclaimed indignantly Roy Bard. "Your guardian," replied one from a squad of boys who were standing with Roy in front of the Post Office. "When did he say so?" asked Roy. "He told my father last night" said another one of the boys "that the money that had been left you by your father when he died was nearly gone and that you would have to work for your living." "Well," said Roy, "I will finish my High School course just the same if I have to wait a year to do it." With this remark he started home.

Roy Bard's father and mother had both died while he was still young and he with a small fortune was left to the care of a guardian. The guardian whose name was John Williams though he always professed to be Mr. Bard's friend was a villainous man, who after Mr. Bard's death had moved a considerable distance from where they were residing at the time of his death. Here Mr. Williams succeeded in getting the greater part of Roy's property into his own hands and was about to turn him out into the world to shift for himself.

That same evening as Roy was seated in the library Mr. Williams told him the news which he had already heard. Roy not knowing how much his parents had really left him thought his guardian was telling him the truth. He was a bright boy and fond of study. He had planned to go through High School and college. This news seemed to foretell the failure of his plans, but to a boy like Roy nothing seemed impossible. So after the conversation with his guardian he went out into the yard to think what would be the best for him to do. Mr. Williams thought he had gone to bed.

Roy walked up and down the path for a while, then he climbed into a large apple tree and sat down on a limb which formed a natural seat on which he often sat to study. He had not been sitting there long when he heard low voices and footsteps approaching. Presently two men came within sight and stopped under the apple tree. One of them Roy readily recognized in the dim moonlight as Mr. Williams. The other man he had never seen before. Roy drew himself farther up into the tree for he did not want to be seen. "Yes," Mr. Williams was saying "I broke the news to him this evening and he seems to take it cool enough." "Well" replied his companion, "we will clear out in a few days and this little town will lose trace of us forever. Where are the papers and the money?" he continued. "They are in the safe in my office," said Mr. Williams, "and everything is ready to go at a minute's notice." With this they passed on and were lost to view.

Roy sat listening until he heard the men pass into the house; then he descended and followed them for his suspicions were aroused. Mr. Williams and the strange man went into his room and locked the door. Roy listened at the keyhole but could hear nothing. He then went to his room to think the situation over. The next morning he arose early to begin work on the plan he had resolved upon. He knew that the boy referred to was himself and that he was being deprived of his rights. He decided to do all in his power to get the papers in Mr. William's safe.

At breakfast Roy acted as though nothing had happened and when they arose from the table Mr. Williams said he was going to the country that day. This gave Roy a good chance to work on his plan. First he went to the office of Mr. Williams and by shrewd questioning he learned from a clerk the combination of the safe. Then he went to the back part of the building where he unlocked a small window. As there was nothing else to do he went home and waited impatiently for nightfall.

About nine o'clock, after the clerk had left the office Roy started for it. He crawled through the window and with a dark lantern made his way to the safe. After some difficulty he got it open and began to search for the papers which meant so much to him. He soon found them with his father's name signed but just then he heard some one unlocking the front office door.

Roy thrust the papers into his pocket and made for the window, but Mr. Williams, as it proved to be, saw him as he made his exit and seeing the open safe pursued him. Roy was a rapid runner and held his ground until he came within sight of the police station when Mr. Williams turned and ran back as fast as he had been running after Roy. When Roy reached the station he gave the papers to the chief and breathlessly explained how he had come by them.

After the chief had examined the papers he told Roy that he was not a poor boy but a rich one and that he was being defrauded out of his money by his guardian.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to find and arrest Mr. Williams but he was never located. By his keen wits and decided action Roy saved his fortune and thus made one.



Sophomores.

We have survived the freshmen year
And remain to wield the sophomore spear.
In 1910 Prof. Coil came
To open to us the gates of fame.

Bernard Snyder, our president
Is a very sporty country gent
And "Ted" Wass, vice president
Is very much on Coyle B. bent.

Secretary Beulah Youse
Is Oh, so scared at a little mouse.
Ida Savio is treasurer
And no discount there is on her.

Carl Jones, our class poet
Behaves well and we all know it.
Fred Bucher is historian
Always does the best he can.

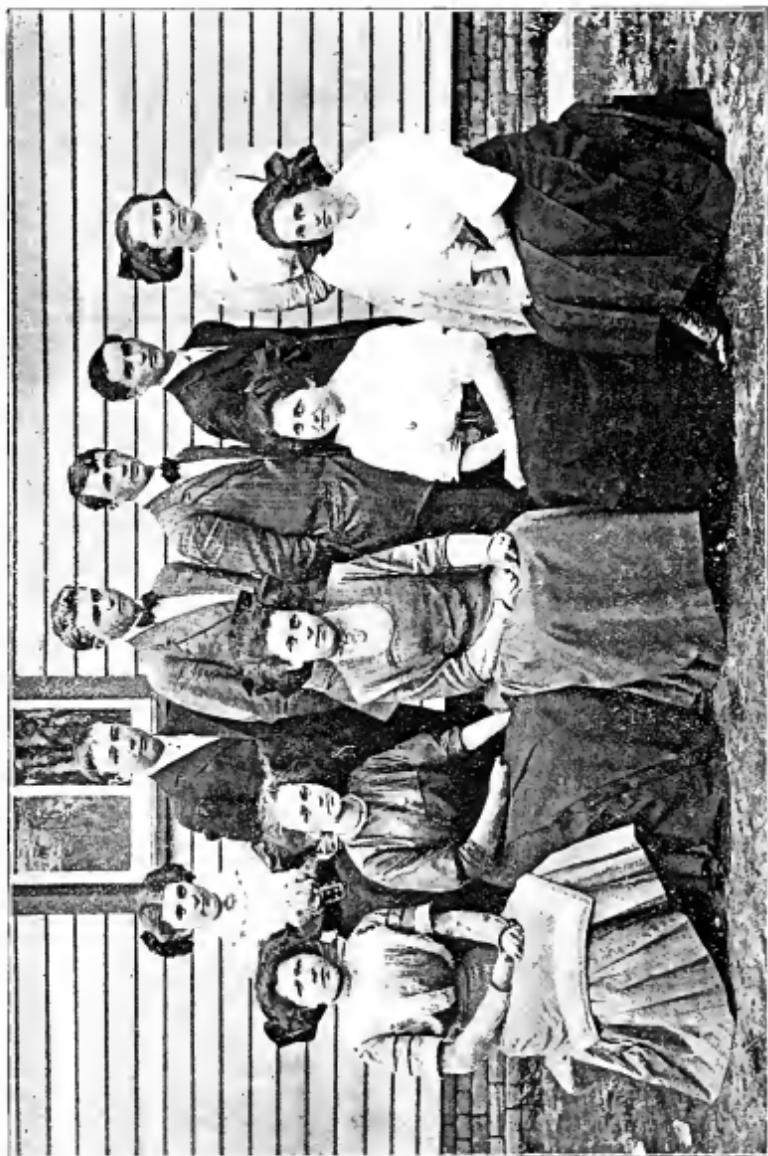
We hide from shows our Leland Brown
For they would steal him for a clown.
Marie Whittern, little but mighty
Is surely going to get "Whitty."

Esther Reynolds, small yes but Oh, my,
We'll surely here from her by and by
And there is Gladys Valentine
Right from the West with us to shine.

Of Professor Coil we have a fear
That he will not come back next year
We hope he will. We'll all be back
To take up the race on the trodden track.

A Sophomore.

SOPHOMORE CLASS '1



Grace's High School Course.

Maude Smith '11

It was only the second week in March but the sun was shining very brightly and the weather was very pleasant. A middle-aged lady stood at the window of a large, old-fashioned farm house. Her face which still retained traces of its youthful beauty, was a great contrast to the outside world. She held a closely written letter in her hand, which, at least partially explained her sadness. At last she dropped into a convenient chair and read a part of the letter aloud.

"Oh, Mother!" it read, "I am having the very best time! No, I do not study very much outside of school hours, because there is a party nearly every evening. The reception for the twelve seniors will be given in just six weeks, and mother dear, I must have a new dress for the occasion. I thought that my new white pongee was good enough, but as I am an usher I must have something a great deal better. Amy Landis has a blue silk and Ethel Shuyler has an old-rose foulard, so you see I must have a new one. Now please humor me this one time, and send me fifty dollars at once, or I shall not have time enough to buy my new clothes and have them made. Yes, I remember that you stated in your last letter that money is not very plentiful at this time, but fifty dollars is not a great amount, when some of the girls of the senior class are spending two or three times that much on their clothes. Now send it as quickly as possible for I need it very badly." Your Loving Daughter, Grace.

As Mrs. Dale finished reading the letter her blue eyes filled with tears. "It is hard, very hard to deny Grace this pleasure," she murmured, and her words were accompanied by a sigh. She did not hear the side door softly open to admit a young boy so she continued to plan to get the money. "I will not buy my new bonnet, cloak, and dress and probably Mr. Dale will not get the new suit that he needs so badly. I suppose Jamie would give up his visit to aunt Rose's, but I cannot ask him to remain at home because he would be so bitterly disappointed.

She was very much surprised when she looked around and saw James standing back of her chair. "Now, mother," he exclaimed, "I heard what you said just now, and you and father must not do without your new clothes, but I am not going to visit aunt Rose, and I will sell those three half-grown Collie pups. Dr. Morton said he would give me fifteen dollars apiece for them and that will be enough to supply Grace with everything that she needs. I suppose that is her request, as usual, for I see you have a letter from her. No, not a word, for I have quite made up my mind," and he ran out of the room.

The very next day the three pups were put into the kennels at "Oak Manse," Dr. Morton's home, and a check for fifty dollars was on its way to Grace.

The next six weeks passed rapidly for the Dales but much more rapidly for Grace, and at last the reception evening was at hand. Mr.

and Mrs. Dale and even Jannie would have been proud of Grace if they could have seen her as she entered the reception room. She wore a dress of pale blue and her fluffy golden hair, of which she was so proud, was very elaborately, yet becomingly arranged. Her cheeks were rosy and her blue eyes sparkled merrily as she moved about the room. She unconsciously attracted much attention, for she was immaculately dressed from her lace handkerchief to her pretty oxfords of the latest cut.

At last all parties and receptions were over and a week later she stepped off the train at Sherwick, her home. As she alighted she saw a team of gray horses coming up the street, and she was soon in a shabby wagon beside her father. She chatted merrily about the good times she had had and she also told him of the fine clothes that she bought with the fifty dollars. At last the drive was over and she alighted from the wagon just as Mrs. Dale ran down the side steps to meet her.

Grace immediately went to her little room to change her smart blue traveling suit for a pretty gingham dress and a large apron. When she went down stairs she was both surprised and pained to find so many common necessities of the home wanting. As the re-united family sat down to the frugal supper, Grace gradually learned from her parents the story of Jamie's sacrifice for her, and she also found out why everything was so shabby. "Oh, why was I so inconsiderate," she sobbed, when she was in possession of all these facts, "and how will I ever repay you for all those sacrifices?"

She did not sleep much that night, but when she arose the next morning, she had firmly resolved to earn some of the much needed money for her parents. She secured the position as book-keeper for Dr. Morton and went to work that same afternoon. She was well paid for her services and saved a significant sum during the vacation.

When the leaves were turning red and gold in the beautiful month of September, Grace Dale boarded the train for Drummonds-ville. She was simply dressed and when she arrived at her destination she sought an inexpensive yet comfortable room in which to live while she completed her High School course.

Slowly the winter passed, and Commencement time was drawing near. The parties and receptions were once more given by the students. At last the evening arrived when the yearly reception for the seniors by the juniors was to be given. This time Grace was a senior. At the reception she attracted much attention as before but it was not because of her beautiful clothes. She wore a neat dress of soft white mull, pretty oxfords, and her hair was simply arranged, but she looked much more beautiful than she did the year before at that time.

At the graduation exercises, a grey-haired couple and a fifteen year-old boy sat on the front seat, and no one in the room looked better than they, and this trio was Mr. and Mrs. Dale and James.

Grace completed her high school course with honors and worked her way through college, while her parents and brother lived very comfortably, although perhaps not luxuriantly, in the great old farmhouse. All through her life Grace never forgot the lesson she had learned; that selfishness and extravagance leads to sorrow.

Freshmen

When September leaves turn gold
When the short winter days are cold
And when May's first flowers unfold
Still we come just as of old.

At eight forty-five we come each day
And first we study our algebra
Next comes recess at ten fifteen
Then we study English with interest keen.

At Eleven forty-five we go home to dine
And don't come back until it is time
For the bell at twelve forty-five and next
Learn a long lesson from the Latin text.

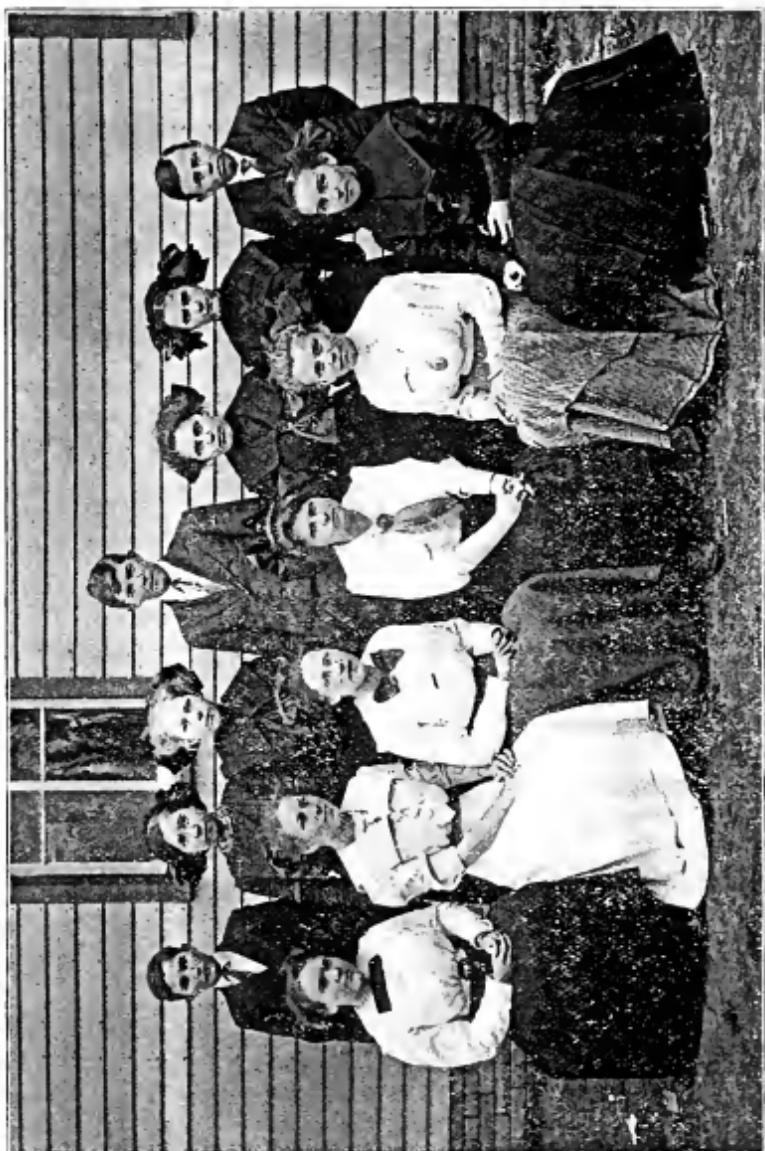
At two fifteen comes recess again
Our five minutes' fun is gone and then
We study botany until three thirty is past
When we are free for the day at last.

On Mondays and Thursdays just before noon
Mr. Thompson comes and plays us a tune.
He teaches us just how to sing each song
And uses his violin to help us along.

Sometimes we know we are rather slight
In sophomores, juniors, and seniors sight,
But we think of how good it will seem
When we are seniors in nineteen fourteen.

A Freshman.





FRESHMEN CLASS

High School Calendar.

Sept. 17. Marks makes his first appearance.
Sept. 24. Emenhiser stars on ball team.
Sept. 30. Eva had company in school. Her pet dog.
Oct. 20. Ted on time this morning.
Oct. 6. A shakeup in the seating.
Oct. 12. Ball game with Convoy.
Oct. 18. Botany class has field excursion.
Oct. 27. Helen C. takes a nap in school.
Nov. 4. Blubber and Fat absent. Why?
Nov. 10. Prof. Montjoy lectures on birds.
Nov. 18. Exams in all departments.
Nov. 28. Fire drill
Dec. 9. Skating season opens with full moon.
Dec. 10. Debating season opens.
Dec. 22. High School gives play.
Jan. 1. Debate with Convoy.
Jan. 2. Second semester begins.
Jan. 9. Alarming anticipations. A splinter from the school board seen about the building.
Jan. 18. Senior class meeting.
Jan. 19. Everybody sees Kelly.
Jan. 23. Rastus was sensible all day.
Jan. 24. Rev. Rehl addressed High School.
Jan. 26. Climax reached in excuse writing.
Feb. 9. Marks violin explodes.
Feb. 20. Prof. Fox lectures to High School.
Feb. 24. Norman fell over a right angle.
Mar. 3. Rev. Wharton addresses the High School.
Mar. 6. Measles give the school a week's "lay off."
Mar. 23. Miss Funican's birthday.
Mar. 29. Debate with Convoy.
April 8. Ladies' debate closes season.
April 22. High School gives play.



Distinctions.

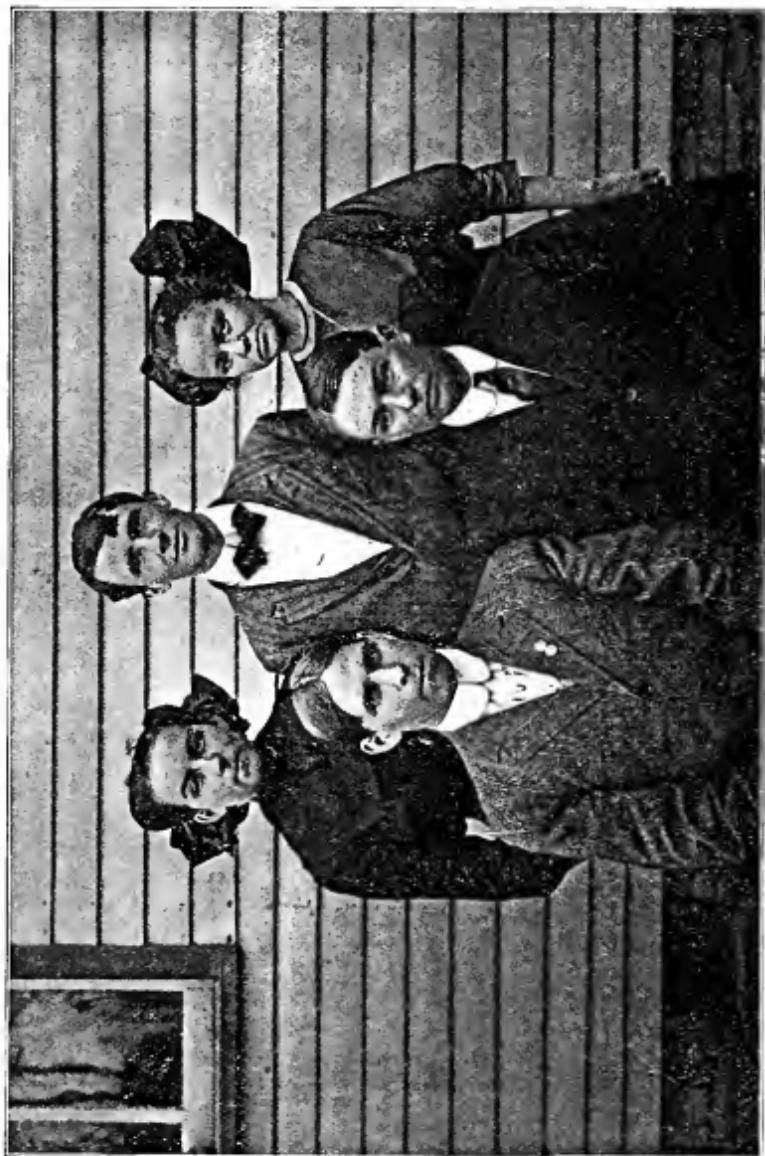
Rose Kauffman	Science
Helen Cowan	Blondie
Merna	Fickle
Laureine	Phoebie Cary
Edgar	Just Ed
Harry	Cyrus
Edgar	Just Ed
Norman	Cicero
George	Hippo
Clifford	Tiffy
Alma	Sober
Mabel	Sally
Ralph B.	Girl Chaser
Coyle A. B. B.	Brownie
Marie W.	Sis
Gladys V.	Disturbance
Esther	Little One
Leland (Boney)	Rastus
Carl	Curly
Fred	Innocence
Bernard	Sport
Gladys W.	Ted
Beulah	Fidget
Ida	Samantha
Glen	Fat
Ralph F.	Blubber
Rose M.	Faithful
Lula	Primp
Ruth G.	Guinea
Marie S.	Grandma
Maude	Sweetness
Ruth S.	Purity
Lucy B.	Mooney Miggles
Melville	Mut
Eva	Fairness
Wilmer	Wiggles
Lucy N.	Calmness
Marguerite	Saucy
Gladys J.	George Elliott
Helen N.	Peaceful
Martha	Cherub
Howard	Howdy

Progress.

Bernice Jones

Progressives, stand pats, and reactionaries are words that are seen now in almost every newspaper. I wonder what such large words mean. Surely an eighth grade girl will have to consult the dictionary. A good thing to do, our teacher told us when we are in doubt. I did not, instead I asked my father. He began of course to talk politics. Now politics are horrid to school-girls so I will apply the words to school. Is our school a progressive one? Well, I should say so. A commissioned high-school, seven teachers, a debating society and a school paper. Not a written one, not even a typewritten one, but a real printed one just like the Journal-Gazette, but of course not so large. Sure our school is progressive, nothing stand pat about it, if stand pat means what it does in politics, "Just let good enough alone." Sure we are stand pat when we refer to our school house though we have no doubt many of the tax-payers are. But we have this to comfort us, the school house is not the school and the school is progressive. But some time not far in the future, a two-story modern brick structure, hygienic and germ proof, with Bedford buff stone trimmings will succeed this frame "shack" as some irreverently call it: It will have a gymnasium, lyceum, a library, and everything which makes a high school building modern and up to date. Then we will be going some. No there is nothing stand-pat about us. I expect, though, that we will have to graduate in this building but the girls now in the primary room, will show their fine graduating dresses under the soft rays of tungsten lamps that will illuminate the auditorium in our new high school building which is to be. No, we are not stand-pat, neither are the members of our school board. We are all progressive with a great big "P." Of course we have a few reactionaries in our town but thank fortune they have nothing to do with the school. We often hear of what famous progress they made when they were children, going to school in a log school house, three months out of the year, using the slate to cipher on, with foolscap paper for their writing books in which the teacher set the copy. They learned under these disadvantages to be the noble citizens they are. We are learning too. We are progressive.





Gladys Jones, Norman Geyer, Bernard Snider, Diane Crabb, Marie Whittern,
Editor, ^{Editor} ^{Editor}
BOARD OF EDITORS



Exchanges.

Father—Didn't you promise never to do it again?

Son—Yes, sir.

Father—And I said I'd whip you if you did. Didn't I?

Son—Yes, Pa, but as I did not keep my promise I will not hold you to yours.

* * * * *

Miss Funican—Please explain the metaphor, "The moon is silver."

Junior—It is silver because it is made up of halves and quarters.

* * * * *

The following answers were taken from a number of papers collected by one of our teachers:

"A blizzard is the inside of a hen."

"Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides."

"Mosquito is the child of white and black parents."

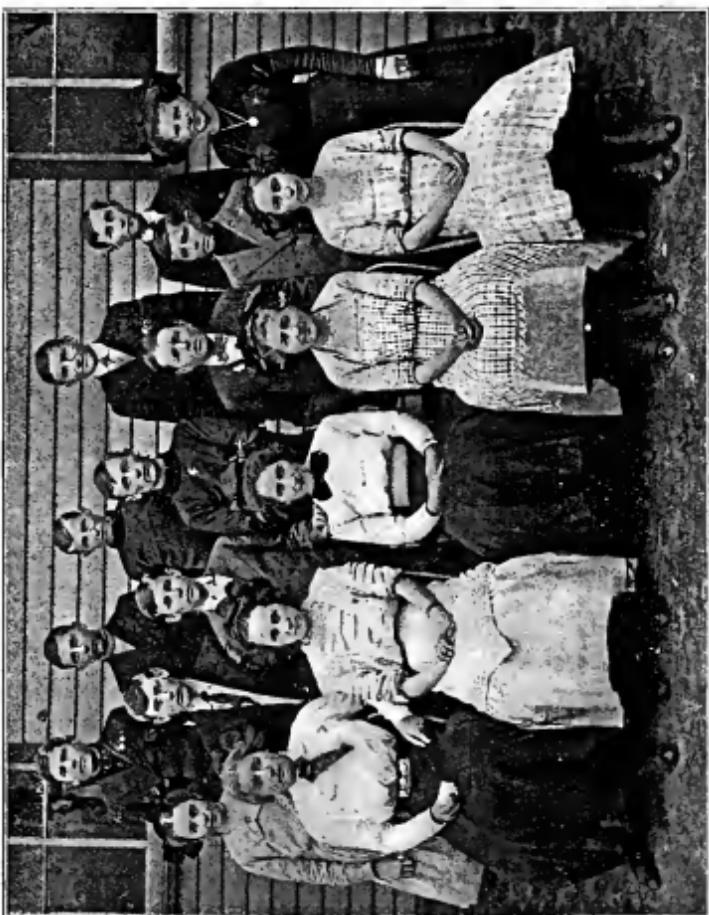
* * * * *

The M. H. S. base ball team has taken the name of "Bad Eggs." The members heard that bad eggs can never be beaten.

* * * * *

"That would be all right for the "Echo" if it hadn't been in print so many times before." Quotation from Prof. Coil.

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATING CLASS



Exchanges.

In Heaven above
Where all is love
There'll be no faculty there;
But down below
Where all is woe
The faculty, they'll be there.

* * * * *

H. R. (in music)—What is the meaning of "glossary?"

Mr. T. (teacher)—Look it up in the dictionary.

* * * * *

George Long was singing "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and fell in.

* * * * *

Ida (as Mr. Sweany handed her a copy of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village")—Why don't you give me Shakespeare's Deserted Village? That is what I want.

* * * * *

Wanted—Someone who saw Miss Eckles at the Teachers' Association at Indianapolis.

* * * * *

I. S. (in history)—The Bosphorus is in the southern part of Italy.

* * * * *

Soph. Geometry. Mr. C.—A straight line is the path made by a moving point. Now what is a broken line?

F. B.—The path made by a jumping point.

* * * * *

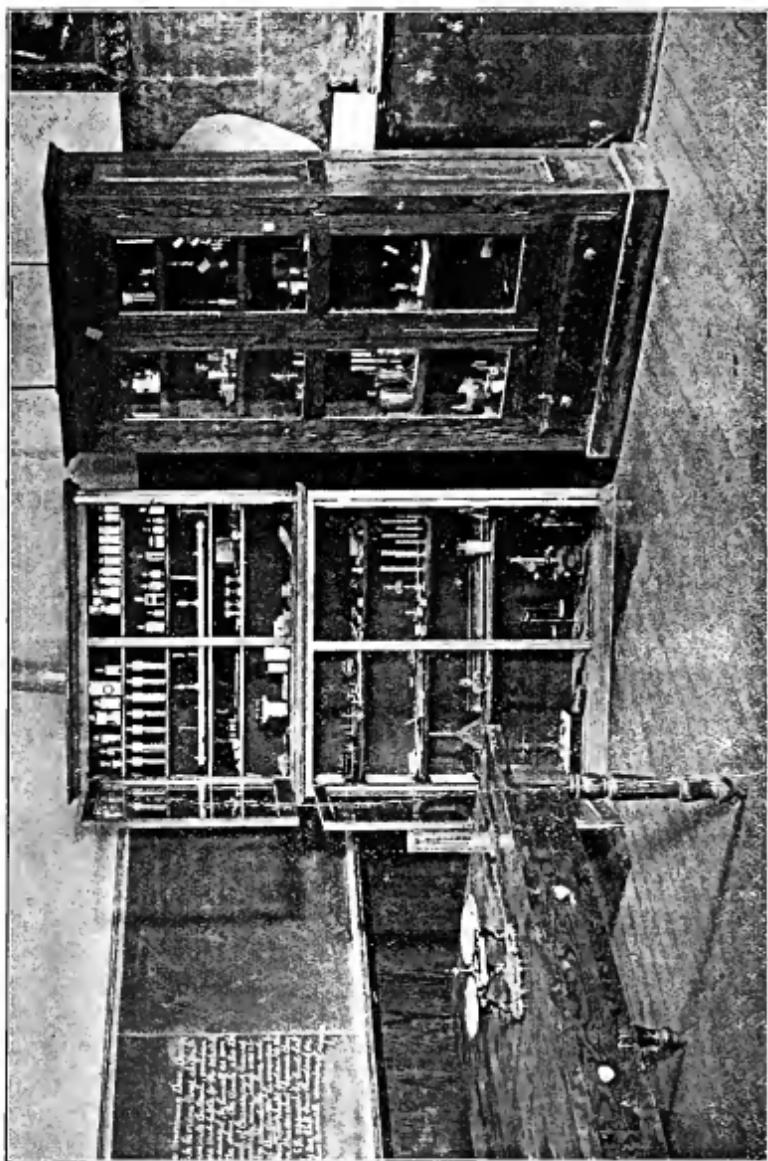
B. S.—The figure A B C is parallel.

Rastus—A quadrilateral is an angle with four sides.

* * * * *

A perplexity—Why would Miss Morrison rather be a Buckeye than a Hoosier?

A CORNER OF THE LABORATORY



A petition—Would Mr. Coil please dismiss the baby class (Seniors) a little earlier than usual as they become very restless the last half hour of school.

* * * * *

Angry Father—I saw you kiss my daughter in the conservatory last evening. What have you to say to that sir?

Young Man—I'll excuse you for looking this time if you don't let it occur again.

* * * * *

Mr. Coit—What is that awful noise?

Ted—Oh, nothing. Marie just dropped a perpendicular.

* * * * *

Ida S. (in Geom.)—I don't know where to begin.

* * * * *

Little dusts of powder
Little dabs of paint,
Make the ladies' freckles
Look like they aint.

* * * * *

Hist. III—When did Bunyan write Pilgrim's Progress?

Clifford—When he was in jail.

* * * * *

First?—Why does a woman always take a man's name?

Second?—Why does she take everything he's got?

* * * * *

What is the first thing that turns green in the spring?

Christmas Jewelry.

* * * * *

Veteran—Did you hear that bullet whiz?

Recruit—Yes, twice. Once when it passed me and again when I passed it.



FIFTH, SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES



Editorials.

An education is the best armor for the battle of life.

* * * * *

Men who cannot change their minds are in danger of losing them.

* * * * *

When in doubt, mind your own business.

* * * * *

Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Views at thy hand no worthy action done.

* * * * *

Schools do more for people than any other institution except the home.

* * * * *

If you want ability and skill, pay the price that all must pay—
hard work.

* * * * *

There never was a day when the lambs forgot to play
Or the flowers in the dell forgot to bloom;
There never was a time when the sun forgot to shine
Or when man forgot to weep beside the tomb.

* * * * *

To every lobster trying to climb the ladder of fame there are ten devils waiting to pull him down.

* * * * *

Fortunately in the final summing up we are not to be judged by what we did but by the motive lying hidden from human eyes, deep in the innermost recesses of our hearts.

* * * * *

One of the rewards of extensive reading is the broadening outlook it gives one on life. The well told experiences of others seem to become a part of your own and hardly distinguishable from them in the memory.

* * * * *

We are indebted to Norman Geyer and Clarence Jones for the pen drawings in this book.

* * * * *

In the beginning it was the intention of the editing board to publish an essay or story by each of the grades down to and including the fifth, and with that in view the essays of Daniel Kauffman, Gladys Kline and Lloyd David from the seventh, sixth and fifth grades respectively were selected. But for lack of space it has been found necessary to omit their publication.

Literary Society.

The High School Literary Society was organized soon after the opening of the first semester last fall, and has been active throughout the year holding meetings every two weeks. It has done a great deal of good both in the English department of the school and also in bringing the school into more direct recognition of the public. The basis of the Literary work has been debating and this was supplemented with other forms of literary work.

The society gave two dramatizations during the year. One was the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and the other "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Both of these were well given and well received.

In regretful memory of little Ebert
Crabill, who was called from our
school to the great beyond Jan. 12.



The Alumni Association of the Monroeville High School was organized by the classes of 1894 and 1896. The next class to be added to the organization was the class of '98. The Association now numbers eighty-five. In 1903 Mrs. Ella Walters and Miss Minnie Murchland, members of the class of 1891 were admitted and termed "Antedeluvians." The Alumni have welcomed each graduating class with a social meeting and banquet and by appropriate ceremony tried to impress upon them the significance of being High School Alumni and charging them with obligations as such, in the world.

Among the alumni are doctors, college students, druggists, merchants, teachers, farmers, mail-clerks, book-keepers, nurses, telegraph operators, electricians, clerks and house-wives.

An unusually large per cent of the alumni are, or have been, teachers.

Roll.

1891

Mrs. Ella Walters.....	Monroeville, Indiana
Miss Minnie Murchland.....	Monroeville, Indiana

1894

Dr. E. M. VanBuskirk.....	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Harvey Crabill	Monroeville, Indiana
Harry Clem.....	Chicago, Illinois
Virgil Bolvard	



THIRD AND FORTH GRADES

1896

Frank Smith -----	
Ottis VanBuskirk -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Mrs. Dora Isenbarger (Clem) -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Daisy Spaulding -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Dr. Charles Wybourn -----	Sheldon, Indiana
John Purman -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Louis Finan -----	Chicago, Illinois
Mrs. Verne Edwards (Pantazin) -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Jacob Clem -----	Richmond, Indiana
Mary Guillot -----	

1898

Harley Baker -----	Marion, Indiana
Mrs. Edith Clem (Miller) -----	Toledo, Ohio
Pearl Stephenson (Bremen) -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Addis Brown -----	Venita, Oklahoma

1899

Albert Jones -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Mrs. Mabel Jones (King) -----	Chicago, Illinois
Miss Emma Crabill -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Mrs. Elizabeth Spaulding (Hormel) -----	Worcester, Massachusetts
Raymond W. Whittern -----	Denver, Colorado
Vern Mitchell -----	Monroeville, Indiana

1901

Mrs. Helen Meeks (Werneberg) -----	Chicago, Illinois
Frank Gable -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Frank Geyer -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Dr. H. E. Steinman -----	Monroeville, Indiana

1902

Samuel Harvey -----	Hamilton, Ohio
Ralph Robinson -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Ervin Helms -----	Convoy, Ohio
Mrs. Alta Lewis (Southworth) -----	South Bend, Indiana
Elsie Jones -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Fred Davis -----	Monroeville, Indiana
Oren Myers -----	Monroeville, Indiana
William Valentine -----	Carthage, South Dakota

1903

Dr. John McArdle -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Charles Bell -----	Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Harry Geyer -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Marguerite Niezer -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Myrtle Wright (Parnin) -----	Fort Wayne, Indiana
Violet Whittern -----	Monroeville, Indiana

1904

Hazel Robinson (Argo)	Chicago, Illinois
Helen Davis	Monroeville, Indiana
Jennie Jones	Monroeville, Indiana
Jessie Harvey	Monroeville, Indiana
Mabel Harvey	Monroeville, Indiana
Gertrude Battenberg	Vicksburgh, Michigan
John Reuille	Monroeville, Indiana
John Erwin	Monroeville, Indiana
Walter Crabill	Port Arthur, Texas
L. C. Emenhiser	Monroeville, Indiana

1905

Mabel Battenberg	Indianapolis, Indiana
Louise Rueille (Rising)	Monroeville, Indiana
Joseph Fry	Crocker, Missouri
Ross Isenbarger	Monroeville, Indiana
John Crabill	Monroeville, Indiana

1906

Violet Prophet	Monroeville, Indiana
Hallie Hume	Monroeville, Indiana
Myrta Martin	El Reno, Oklahoma
Hazel Battenberg (Brown)	Chicago, Illinois
Harry Quinlin	Monroeville, Indiana
Harry McArdle	Monroeville, Indiana
Ivan Clem	New Haven, Indiana
Gilbert Shaffer	Monroeville, Indiana
Nannie Lomillel (Clem)	Monroeville, Indiana

1907

Bessie Geyer	Monroeville, Indiana
Helen Jones	Monroeville, Indiana
Virgil Hay	Monroeville, Indiana
Lloyd Spake	Monroeville, Indiana
Orley Harvey	Columbus, Ohio
Arthur Battenberg	Vicksburgh, Michigan

1909

Clarence Jones	Monroeville, Indiana
Rodney Harvey	Monroeville, Indiana

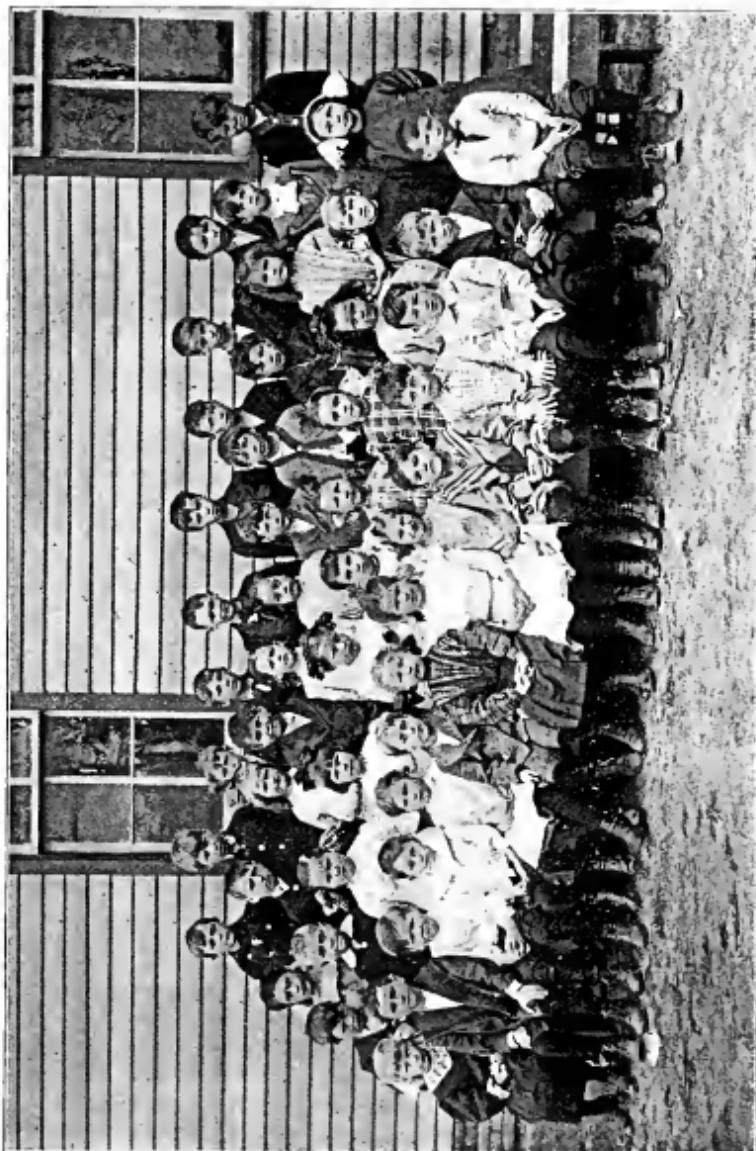
1910

Agnes Phillips	Monroeville, Indiana
Laura Whittern	Monroeville, Indiana
Edna Miller (Harvey)	Columbus, Ohio
Elsie Alleger (Battenberg)	Vicksburgh, Michigan
Earl Peckham	Monroeville, Indiana
Henry McIntosh	Monroeville, Indiana
Charles Whittern	Monroeville, Indiana

Organization for 1910-11

Mrs. Ella Walters, President Earl Peckham, Vice-President
 Violet Whittern, Secy.-Treas. Helen Davis, Asst. Secy.-Treas.
 Fred Davis, John Reuille, Board of Directors

S: v. g.



FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

Roll of Pupils.

High School

Seniors

Helen Cowan
Merna Ainsworth
Rose Kauffman
Laurene Jones
Edgar Crabill

Juniors

Alma Bauserman
Mabelle Webster
Harry Robinson
Norman Geyer
Clifford Jones
George Long
Ralph Bower
Coyle Brown

Sophomores

Gladys Wass
Ida Savieo
Esther Reynolds
Marie Whittern
Beulah Youse

Gladys Valentine

Rose Miller
Lula Reynolds
Carl Jones
Leland Brown
Glen Isenbarger
Fred Bucher
Ralph Fredline
Bernard Snider

Freshmen

Marie Swartz
Eva Edwards
Lucy Niezer
Helen Niezer
Marguerite Meese
Maude Smith
Gladys Jones
Lucy Battenberg
Martha Reynolds
Ruth Sheehan
Howard Webster
Wilmer Webster
Melyville Brown
Ruth Ginther

GRADES

Eighth

Bernice Jones
Hilda Geyer
Leo Reuille
Emma Wright
Sam Mull
Lloyd Casselman
Ralph Peckham
Gerald Taylor
Earl Jones
Virgil Youse
Hattie Voirol
Harry Whittern
Rashow Heinfeldt
Velma McIntosh
Velma Ross
Cara Robinson
Leo Savieo
Bessie Davis
Vane Fredline
Dorsie Gerard

Leora Brown
Lucile Stevens
Cara Savieo
Blanche Taylor
Vera Dorris
Pauline Taylor
Lulu Wormcastle
Russel Viorol
James McArdle
Rose Fetter
Mentra Marquardt
Louise Spake
Daniel Kauffman
Lloyd Niezer
Henrietta Niezer
Lee Noyer
Firm Shifferly
Grace Gerard
Lawrence Garard
Grover Long

Sixth

Seventh

Muriel Waterman
Myrtle Cloore
Harry Mumma
Russel Savieo
Willie Taylor

William Long
Kenneth Brouwer
Zelma Magnier
Glazel Kline
Helen Taylor
Tom Mentzer

Marie Minnick
Byron Sweany
Omer Piehl
Ruth Nelson
Mabel Taylor
Zelma O'Shaughnessey
Belzona Kever
Glennie Long
Pauline Bittner
Grace Youse
Fay Wilcox
Urban Meese
Henry Elliot
Ralph Stevens
Raymond Brown
Ruth Miller

Fifth

Royal Crates
Noel Whittner
John VanBuskirk
Ralph Webster
Mae Moyer
Hattie DeWert
Winona DeWert
Lloyd David
Don Ross
Leah Kever
Orah Recuille
Howard Taylor
Pearl Kniseley
Anna Garard

Fourth

Hazel Rhine
Owen Savieo
Merritt Simons
Mildred Waterman
Ferol Friedline
Glennis Friedline
Thessa Niezer
Maurice Minnick
Carleton Ahr
Elva Wirts
Joe Roberts
Glen Lake
Gladys Cloore
Christena Frye
Hulda Miller

Third

Eddie Dewert
Herbert Gerardot
Irma Basset
Donald Crabil
Edith Cox
Leis Schock
Ruth Whittner
Bessie Taylor

Laurence Sweany
Marie Taylor
Leslie Purman
Edgar Taylor
Irene Roe
Ella Mumma
Miriam Casselman
Elsie Harker
Mary Smith
Susie Conner
Miriam Meese
Maurice Stevens
Cecil Diewert
Hazel Mundorff
Orval Harker
Clyde Youse
Sylvester Minnick
Raymond Minnick
Frank Roberts
Mildred May
Charles Winans
Lucile Taylor

Second

Carlton Alleger
Ass Brouwer
Kenneth Crabil
Joe Cullen
Ethel Gerardot
Virgil Johnson
Ashford Kever
Clarence Kline
Bob Long
Paul Leuenberger
Harrison Magner
Mary Nelson
Theresa Pillars
Nina Simons
Earl Singer
Arthu Smith
Ruth Taylor
Donald Webster
Ondah Weirman
Charles Waterman
Forest Lake

First

Mary Helen Abr
Leo Bassett
Maurice Casselman
Ebert Crabil
Clarence Conner
Beulah Cox
Kathleen Cullen
Myrtle Gerardot
Annie Gerardot
Carlton Hoffman
Estella Knisely
Beryl Marquardt
Wilma Meese

George Minnick
Elsworth Mencer
Edna Mundorff
Agnes Minnick
Edna Mundorff
Agnes Neizer
John O'Shaughnessey
Clarence Reuille
Clifford Richard
Carlista Riley
Grace Smith
Maude Taylor
Walter Taylor

Richard Taylor
Albert Taylor
Lloyd Van Buskirk
Aultie Vince
Bessie Vince
Alery Waterman
Floyd Waterman
Glenn Rossworn
Pauline Jackson
John Smith
Elsia May
Samuel Miller
Russell Gerardot

History of Monroeville

In the early winter of 1851 two pioneers, John and Jacob Barnhart came into the southeastern part of Allen county and established a settlement known as Monroeville. For several years this settlement was only a mail station on the Pittsburg road. But some fifty years previous the splendid forests of the surrounding country had been encroached upon by settlers from Carroll County, Ohio, and a permanent settlement made at East Liberty within the limits of section 29. It was from this little town that Monroeville received an impetus early in its history and while it increased in importance East Liberty decreased. Then in the years of the Civil War the expectations of its founders seemed to be more than realized owing to the renewed energy and enterprise of its inhabitants. Prosperity seemed very near yet we hear dismal tales of wet streets and the melancholy croak of the frog in 1866.

So much for the early history of Monroeville. In 1865 and 1866 additions were made to the original plat of the town. In the latter year Monroeville was incorporated. One of the principal business streets is South street. About 1864 the manufacture of oil barrel staves and heading was begun. A building 40x60 feet was erected and dressed lumber was added to the enterprise. In 1867 the Empire Stave Factory Company was organized. The president was P. O. Rourke; the secretary and treasurer, Alexander Williamson. Jacob Sweany was the superintendent and supervised the construction of one of the most complete stave factories in Indiana. In 1874 the flour mill was established. The last of the owners of this mill was D. S. Ridelshimer. The Monroeville elevator was built in 1888 by J. B. Niezer. In 1867 the first hardware and tin shop was started in the room now owned by John Niezer.

How are these enterprises prospering today? Let us see. The stave factory has been discontinued since the factory was destroyed by fire in 1875. The flour mills burned and were never rebuilt. The elevator built by J. B. Niezer still remains and is in operation. Its



LUTHERAN CHURCH



CHRISTIAN CHURCH



CATHOLIC CHURCH



U. B. CHURCH

capacity is twenty thousand bushels and sixty-five thousand dollars worth of business is transacted here annually.

As Monroeville has increased in numbers and business activities there grew a demand for a weekly paper. The demand was first met by Mr. Thomas Stevens who started the "Monroeville Democrat." In the hands of John D. Alleger, the present publisher, the name was changed to the "Monroeville Breeze."

In 1867 an unusual flood caused about three hundred feet of the railroad to be washed out just east of the town and in 1872 a very destructive fire known as the Odd Fellows fire destroyed the buildings along the east side of main street, then the principal business street of the town. Another destructive fire occurred in 1875.

The early inhabitants of Monroeville were interested in education. The first school house was the building in which Dr. Myer's office is now located. In the autumn of 1871 the school trustees purchased a lot at the corner of Elm and Monroe streets. The present school building was built on this lot at a cost of \$7,175. The school has reached a standard of excellency equal to that of any similar school in the country.

The following representatives of the medical profession have practiced medicine here at different times: William A. Connelly, A. Engel, S. E. Mentzer, D. E. Kauffman, H. E. Steinman, Dr. Leiter, Dr. Wilder, and Dr. May.

There are now five churches in Monroeville.

The spirit of American progress has been truly felt in all departments of life in Monroeville. The present prosperity of the town is evidenced by the Municipal electric light plant, the telephone exchange, shady streets, magnificent residences and business blocks.

Features of Monroeville

A good school	Moving picture show
Fine Residences	Three blacksmith shops
Electric Light plant	Printing office
Fine churches	State bank
Interurban railroad	Two drug stores
Steam railroad	Two real estate offices
910 people	Ice cream factory
Shady streets	Cement block factory
Ball park	Barrel factory
Etude club	Five doctors
Four dry goods stores	Two furniture stores
Five grocery stores	Two barber shops
Garage	Two meat markets
Postoffice	Piano store
Hotel	Telephone exchange
Two restaurants	Two livery barns
No Saloons	Two jewelry stores
Three hardware stores	A ten cent store
Numerous lodges	Two millinery stores
Picture gallery	An opera house
Broom factory	And a glad hand for everybody.
Two elevators	

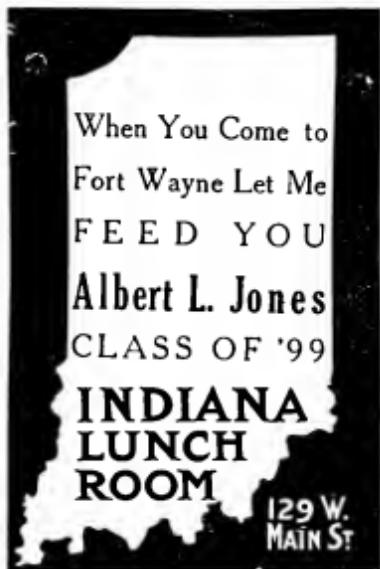
Ode to the Business World

To him who in the line of busines holds communion with her interests she speaks uncertain language. For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness and great hopes for the future, and she glides into his darker musings with a pang and ceaseless grinding that's apt to end in suicide ere he is aware. When thoughts of the last failure come like a blight over thy spirit and sad images of the money panic and unfaithful friends make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart, go forth to some summer resort and take things easy while thy ads have time to take effect, then the great Metropolis that has no sympathy shall call thee to thy everlasting toil, to be a brother to the selfish man, the sluggish mass which the speculator robs with his hands and treads upon. Yet thou shalt not take thy abode alone; thou shalt be near the patriarchs of the infaut world, with business men, the bad, the good. Yet how canst thou expect to rival these by putting ads into the "Breeze;" good ads govern thy existence, all successful men are but a handful to the tribes that slumber with the heavy weight of failure. So shalt thou strive, and what if thou withdraw in silence from the train and no friend take not of thy departure? All that breathe will read the periodicals, and thy business shall proceed as greatly as before.

So live that when thy summons come to join the innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his seat within the noisy hall of fate thou go not like the miser in his den, tied to his wealth but sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach the world like one who has a sense of victory with a determination to advertise.



FINIS.



H. E. Steinman, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon

Phone Res. 4A Office 4B

F. H. Bohne & Bros.

Hatters and
Men's Furnishers

824 and 1412 CALHOUN ST.
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Home Phones 628 and 1736

READ THESE ADVERTISEMENTS

The Advertisers whose notices are here have helped to make this book possible; they are up-to-date, reliable, and other things being equal should be favored above all others.

John Casselman

DEALER IN

Meats, Lard, Fish and Butter

Residence Phone 55

Business Phone 141

C.L. Meyer, D.V.M.

D.E. Kauffman, M.D.

Veterinary Surgeon

Physician and Surgeon

Phone Office 21

Res. 79

Phone 133A

L. E. W R I G H T

Dry Goods, Notions
Staple and Fancy Groceries

Phone 58

Monroeville, Indiana

J. F. NEIZER

MANUFACTURES GOOD CIGARS. TRY THEM!

The C. C. C's Commercial Seal and Commercial
Sold By All Retailers Patronize Home Industry

MANUFACTURED
BY THE

COMMERCIAL
CIGAR
COMPANY

MONROEVILLE
INDIANA

Shifferly Brothers

MONROEVILLE, INDIANA

PHONE 71

Buggies, Wagons, Lightning Rods,
Cream Separators, Gasoline Engines, Farm
 Implements, Roofing, Spouting, Tin Work
AND GENERAL REPAIRING

*Phone us your wants. Satisfaction Guaranteed
All goods sold on their merits. See our line of
Ligonier Buggies. Our Motto: "Nothing too
good for our Customers."*

WE PLAY SECOND TO NONE

*I keep at all times a first-class assortment of Building
Material. All kinds of Lumber, Posts, Sash, Doors,
Glass, Blinds, Portland Cement, Sewer Pipe, Wall
Plaster, Lime, Sand, Flue Lining, Incubators, Brooders,
Paints and Varnishes, Dress Lumber. Make Frames
and All Kinds of Mill Work Promptly. . . .*

O. L. FRIEDLINE . . Proprietor

S. E. Mentzer, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Phone Res. 29

Office 37

C. A. BROWN

Horse Shoeing a Specialty

MONROEVILLE, - INDIANA

FORT WAYNE TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE

723 CLINTON STREET

Factory Rebuilt and Second-Hand Typewriters of all Makes for Sale or Rent

EVERYTHING FOR EVERY TYPEWRITER

Office Supplies, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Paper, Oil, Note Books, Typewriter Paper, Typewriter Desks, Chairs, Cabinets and Filing Devices, Neostyles and Neostyle Supplies. We are Prepared To do all kinds of Duplicating Work at a Nominal Cost

Repairing a Specialty

Phone 2259

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

See

SCHAAB & WEIRMAN HARDWARE CO.

for

ALL THE LATEST AND BEST
ARTICLES IN THEIR LINE

Galvanized Iron Fence Posts.

Farm Pump Engines.

Draw Cut Lawn Mowers.

Revonoc Oil Stoves.

Geo. W. Ireland

PROPRIETOR OF THE

**Monroeville
Bakery and Restaurant**

.....Also Dealer In.....

Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables

Wm. A. Connelly, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Monroeville, Indiana

The Best First

¶That is our aim—to secure for you the best of everything in the Drug line.

Best Chemicals, Best Medicines and Best Drugs

¶That's why our business is growing and our service is appreciated. We stand for the **Best always**, and it is first in our mind.

W. O. SWEANY
THE DRUGGIST

Monroeville, Ind.

Edwards Brothers

Dry Goods, Groceries,
Shoes, Hats, Rubber
Footwear

AND DEPARTMENT STORE GOODS

OUR MOTTO: Highest Quality, Lowest Prices
and Courteous Treatment.....

Cash for Country Produce.

A Welcome to You

PHONE No. 72

B. I. Friedline Music Co.

RETAILERS OF

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE PIANOS AND PLAYER-PIANOS

ESTABLISHED 1904 MONROEVILLE, INDIANA

HARVEY C. CRABILL LAW Y E R

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance
Phone 17

HEINFELDT & NIEMEYER BROTHERS
PROPRIETORS OF THE

Big Department Store

Dealers in the Latest and Best

*Groceries, Dry Goods, Crockery,
Notions, Boots and Shoes, Tinware,
Light Hardware, Ready and Made
to Order Clothing, and the most
complete line of Furniture in the city*

HEINFELDT & NIEMEYER BROTHERS

Who Said Up-to-Date?
Everybody says this about
Parnin's Restaurant and Bakery

*If you want the best that
money can buy when you
get Candy, Cigars and
Baked Goods, come to*
H. F. PARNIN'S BAKERY
PHONE 20

CALL ON
F. B. HACKETT

For Ice Cream, Soft
Drinks and Meat

Dixon, Ohio - Phone 155

DON'T READ THIS ----- Unless You Want to Save Money

But if you do—don't place your order for a Monument, or
Cemetery work without first getting my prices. I can furnish
you any FOREIGN or AMERICAN Granite or Marble

All Work Guaranteed First-Class
Lettering done in Cemetery

Phone No. 90

H. S. JONES, Monroeville, Ind.

K. H. FILLER

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

DIXON, OHIO

PHONE B168

The People's Drug Store

*For Toilet Articles, Wall Paper
Paints, Varnishes, Etc.*

Monroeville, Indiana

Niezer & Co.

George J. Knecht

Local Manager

Monroeville, - - - Indiana

Shippers of Hay, Straw and Grain in Car Lots

Dealers in

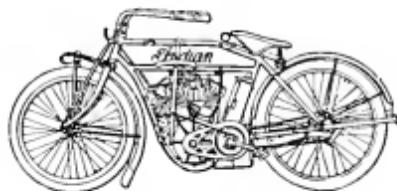
Seed, Flour, Chop Feed
Corn Meal, Live
Stock and Coal

O. V. WATERMAN

Fine Meats

Monroeville, - - - Indiana

Shop Phone 144



How About Chain Drive MOTORCYCLES?

¶The Indian and R-S (with chain drive) hold all records.

¶1 Mile—100 Miles—1 Hour—24 Hours.

¶San Francisco to New York—New York to Chicago—Pikes Peak—Mount Washington—Lookout Mountain—Giants Despair.

They are now asking for establishing of Belt Drive Records? That is Public Acknowledgement that the Belt Drive is not as efficient as the Chain; or their Motors are not as good as the Indian or R-S anyway, they can't stay with the Indian or R-S.

If you must have a Belt Drive machine get the new Indian, R-S, or Tope Belt Drive, with Free Engine Clutch—not a slipping belt—and you are sure of a superior Motor. Efficiency, Power.

Indian Bicycle and Supply Company

Largest Motorcycle and Bicycle
Store in the City

Yes, we do Repairing. Charges Moderate

111 West Washington Blvd.
Corner CALHOUN Street

Citizens State Bank

Monroeville, Indiana

Capital \$30,000.00

Surplus \$7,500.00

Always Safe

Always Reliable

PERREY

LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER



Corner Calhoun and Berry Streets
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

International Business College and School of Shorthand

Typewriting
and
Penmanship

FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

PUPILS ENTER ANY TIME

T. L. STAPLES, President



Fauline Jackson.



THE
ECHO

MONROEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
1912.

GORDON JACKSON

LUMBER
AND
SHINGLES

HARDWARE
AND
IMPLEMENT

See

Schaab & Weirman Hardware Co.

for all the latest and Best Articles
in their line

BUGGIES
AND
AUTOMOBILES

GASOLINE
AND
OIL STOVES

Painter Brothers for High Grade Furniture

Carpets, Rugs, Window Shades, Artistic Wall Papers

We can sell you just as good GOODS
as you can buy anywhere and at a much
lower price than you can buy it in the city.
Try us and be convinced.

Licensed Embalmers and Undertakers.

Phones: Store 85

Residence 14

Monroeville, Indiana

M. A. Clem

Harry Clem

C. C. Clem

Clem Hardware Company

General Hardware, Farm Implements,
Specially Built Buggies, Delaval
Cream Separators, Universal and
Peninsular Stoves, Quick Meal Gaso-
line Ranges * :: :: ::

—Agents for—

Elmore Automobiles, Harley-Davidson
Motorcycles

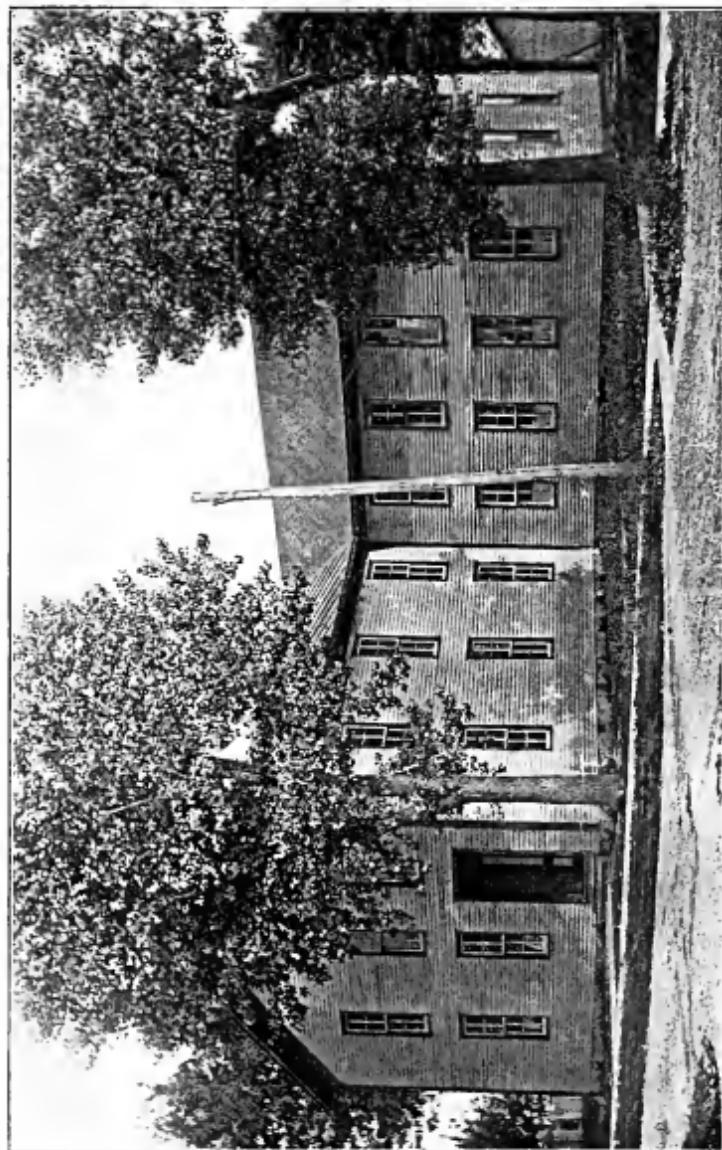
Be Friendly.

Call and See Us.

Monroeville, Indiana

What would our towns be without their business men? Those who have entered "ads" in this book have shown thereby that they are not only progressive business people, but men who are willing to take an active interest in school activities. We need more of that kind of citizens. Give them your support.

PPRECIATING the gracious reception given to the first publication of the Monroeville High School Echo, we submit the results of our second attempt to the patronage of our friends and the public.



High School Building

To our
honored and efficient Principal
Miss Mary Funican
whose earnestness and intelligence
have brightened our school
The Monroeville High School
respectfully dedicates
this annual



Miss Mary Funican, Principal.



Nathan W. Coil, A. B., Superintendent.

FACULTY



Miss Estella Thurston.



Miss Ruth Marshall.



Miss Lulu Grantham



Miss Jessie Harvey.



Miss Elsie Jones

BOARD OF EDUCATION



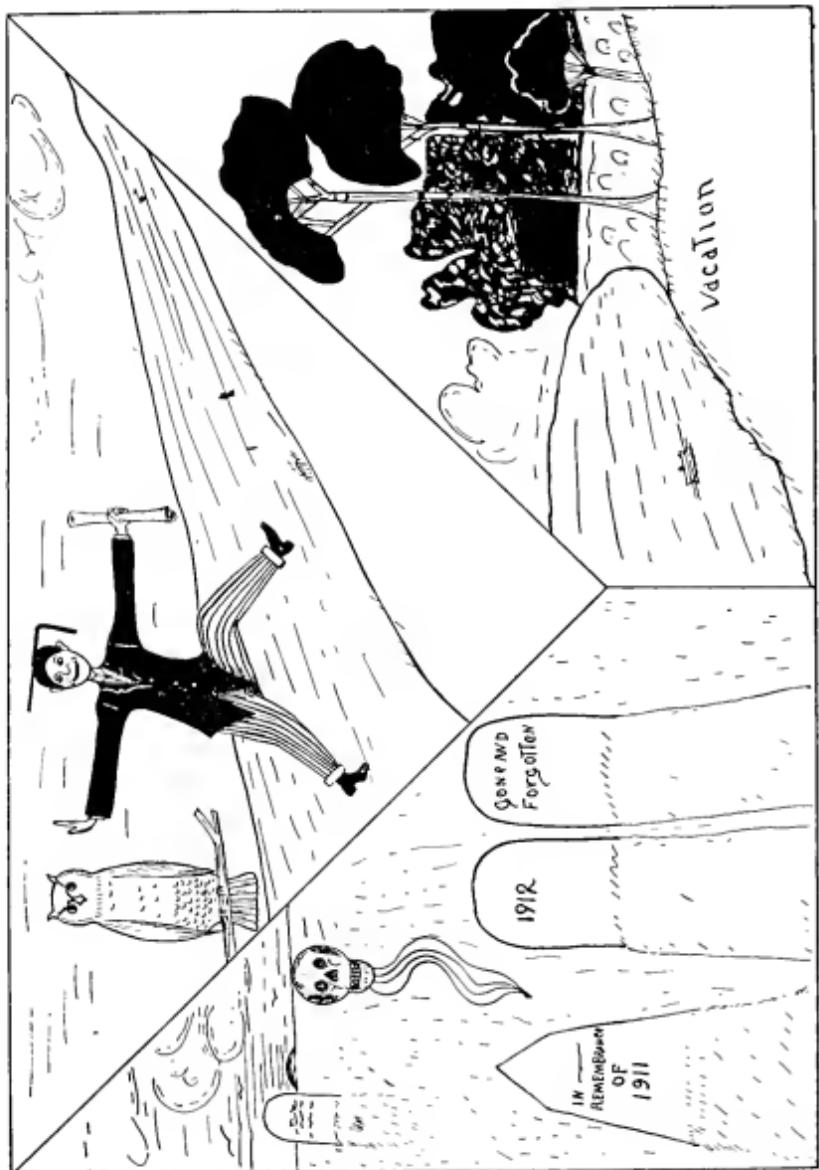
D. E. Kauffman, M. D., Pres.



C. P. Mitchell, Treas.



W. O. Sweeny, Sec'y.



SENIOR CLASS



Norman Geyer, Pres.

"Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labors of the
year."



Mabelle Webster, Sec'y.

"A gladsome laugh, a cheery
smile,
A happy face for all the
while."



Alma Bauserman.

"Serene and resolute and
still
And calm and self-possessed."



Ralph Bower.

"Love is a sad thing, love is
a dizziness,
It hinders a young man from
attending to business."

SENIOR CLASS



Clifford Jones.

"Gallant, graceful, gentle,
Tall,
Finest, noblest, loved by all."



Harry Robinson.

"Life is a jest, all things
show it.
I thought so once, but now I
know it."



Coyle Brown.

"Whate'er he did was done
with so much ease,
In him alone was natural to
please."



George Long.

"Blest with plain reason and
sober sense."
"I've lost my heart—but I
don't care."

CLASS OF 1912

We're in, we're out, we're all about.
We always fall in and we never fall out.
The Senior Class of eight are we
Without a dunce or crank, you see.
We're there with the goods; we're there with the goods
And no one can say we are not if he would.
A half a chance to us, we say
And watch us make our own bright way.
The world is open wide to us,
And in it we will make a fuss.
For nature, she will do her part
So we can easily make our mark.
We, yes we have been first and last
And we do enjoy the Senior Class.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

We, Seniors, members of the class of 1912, of the Monroeville High School, being in possession of all our faculties, and knowing the uncertainty of school life, do hereby bequeath all our property and personal effects, to-wit: Our beloved janitor, Mr. Taylor, we give to all succeeding students. To the school board and splinters we leave the organ, hoping that they will see the necessity of purchasing a new instrument. Our places at the back table we leave only to Senior classes. The little hole in Room No. two (2), where we have stored our waste paper, candy sacks, and apple cores all these years, we leave to the person who is fortunate enough to receive the treasured seat by the hole. The dead mouse, the skeleton bones and the cat skin, we leave to the timid girls of the new Junior class. To the Sophomore Class we present our note books, and we will gladly give our Physie note books to anyone to whom they may be of some value. Our many excellent English compositions we will leave in care of Miss Funiean, for use as models in other classes that she may have. Only one thing is there which we must retain and that is the high standing that our class has always held in school.



John Grant Newman, D. D.,
President of the Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio., who
delivered the Commencement Address, May 2.



Junior Class

WE ARE SEVEN

I met a Monroeville High School girl,
She was a Junior she said;
Her eye was bright, her step was quick,
And lessons filled her head.

"And now, class-mates, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And with wonder looked at me.

"And who are they I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we,
One of us is quite a belle
And her name is Marie."

"Our Freddie toward Convoy dwells
And Beulah at New Haven,
Another, Leland, his name spells,
And Carl whose locks are raven."

"Two remain then of the class,
Bernard lives near Tillmansville,
We all work from first to last.
Ralph in school is always still."

And when I questioned her still more
She explained how this could be.
Even though only four lived here
And at other places three.

"We are seven," said the Maid,
"Our combined effort is as one,
With the progress we have made
You can judge what will be done."



Sophomore Class

SOPHOMORE CLASS PROPHECY

One day while sitting at my desk
Preparing my lessons for a test,
A vision, the queerest you ever did see,
Came floating softly down to me.

Marguerite was standing before a class,
Exclaiming angrily,—"Arise—now pass."
She madly waved a long ferrule
As she opened the door, dismissing school.

Melville had decided to remain at home,
And started a blacksmith shop of his own;
All day long the "village smithy" sang,
To the music of the anvil which steadily rang.

Ruth G, in a great sunny room,
Sat impatiently waiting for noon.
She gave the typewriter a terrible bang,
While some snatches of song she sang:
 "On Mobile Bay
 Where you stole my heart away."

Howard was trying hard to decide
Whether he should continue to reside
On the farm, or be one of the candidates
For president of the United States.

For some reason that I cannot explain,
Marie had moved back to old Champaign;
Maybe it was because she did not care
To forget a very dear friend who still was there.

Lucy B. had become a great musician,
And had secured a very fine position;
And because of her great ability to play,(?)
She expected an advance in pay.

Wilmer was a student at Yale,
And was preparing for a sail
To England, Italy, France and Spain
To spread over all Europe, his fame.

Ruth Sheehan was attending college,
But she gained such great knowledge
That the faculty had to dig and grind
To keep from being left behind.

Gladys Jones had flitted to the stage,
Where she seemed to be all the rage;
She wore silk gowns and high French heels,
And went to the Waldorf to get her meals.

Maude's work varied from those of the rest,
For she was seen bending over her desk.
Her pen was scurrying over each white page,
Writing books which were all the rage.



Seniors of 1920



Seniors of 1912

Freshman Class



THREE FORTY-FIVE

AS the hands of the faithful old time-piece creep near the time of closing, nearly every High School student watches it with eager eyes. They long for the time to come when the teacher steps behind the table and presses the button which sends the tinkle of the bell through the halls and corridors of the school building. When at last the time arrives, a general rush ensues. As the professor steps toward the door nearly every student rises as if by magic, ready to see who can reach the door first. As he turns and looks over his spees with a frown they drop into their proper places again. But the minute he says "You're excused," not a student is left in the room. They pour into the halls and cloak room to find their wraps and overshoes, which they soon accomplish if some illnatured fellow has not amused himself by piling all the overshoes into one pile behind the door; or filled dinner pails with caps and gloves. After they have found their belongings they file down the stairs and out into the street and are soon out of sight. Then I suppose the teachers are thankful that they are rid of their troublesome students until another day.



TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

Miss Funnican is our teacher; I shall not pass;
she maketh me to translate difficult sentences, she
exposeth my ignorance before the whole class; she
prepareth a test before me in the presence of mine
comrades; yea though I study till midnight, she will
give me a low grade, and I will stay in Latin forever.



We know not how much we prize a thing until once it is taken from us.

"Tis a sad sight to see a class of young people where each depends upon the other.

The boy who makes a profession of playing hookey will find himself hooked later on in life.

America is the land of opportunity; hard work is all that is required, and you will always find the hardest work at the top.

A good story, rightly told,
Provoketh mirth in young and old,
And ever raiseth spirits.

"Take heed that there happen not unto thee that which befell the fish in the matter of the net; those which were inside longed to go out and those which were outside were eager to go in."

The most difficult thing for a man to do is to know himself and conceal his secret.

"The wise man recognizeth the fool because he himself was formerly a fool; but the fool never recognizeth the wise man, there never having been a time when he was wise."

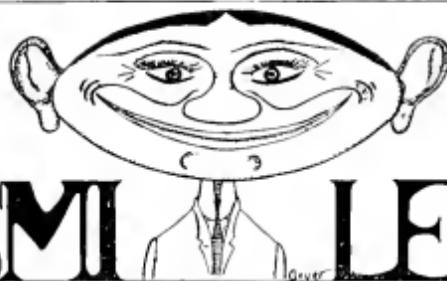
Norman Geyer '12, is entitled to much credit, not only for the pen drawings in this book but also for conscientious care in bringing the matter of the "Echo" to a realization.

Eighth Grade Class



VICTIM	KNOWN AS	AMBITION TO BE	WHERE FOUND
Clifford Jones	Catilina	A Billiard King	Tom Taylor's.
Norman Geyer	Cicero	A Preacher	At Sunday School.
Harry Robinson	Cyrus	A Junk Buyer	At the Ice House.
George Long	Hippo	A Showman	At the Billiken.
Coyle Brown	Brownie	A Veterinarian	Around Pretty Girls.
Ralph Bower	Bowser	A President	At the Tower.
Alma Bauserman	Sober	A Voter	Asleep.
Mabelle Webster	Sally	Fussy	Washing Dishes.
Beulah Youse	Becky	An Actress	Frying Hamburgers.
Marie Whittern	Sis	Get Married	In Dreamland.
Bernard Snider	Moonie	A College Chap	In Lapland.
Ralph Friedline	Blubber	A Pool Shark	Coonie's.
Leland Brown	Bonie	A Clown	In Love.
Carl Jones	Curly	A Photographer	At Peoples' Drug Store.
Howard Webster	Louie	Have a Girl	At Her House.
Melville Brown	Mutt	Nothing	Loafing Around.
Gladys Jones	Primp	Become Rich	Saving Pennies.
Marie Swarts	Grandmother	Have a Beau	Swartzville.
Ruth Sheehan	Solitude	A Book Worm	At Home.
Ruth Ginther	Guinie	George's Wife	Selling "Grub."
Lacy Battenburg	Peggie	A Grumbler	In "Get Out Town."
Maude Smith	Blondy	Good	Throwing Bricks.
Marguerite Meese	Giggles	Eating	In "Arms."

VICTIM	KNOWN AS	AMBITION TO BE	WHERE FOUND
Wilmer Webster	Ted	A Sport	Feeding Pigs.
Loyd Casseiman	Joe Gans	Ball Player	Killing Sheep.
Hilda Geyer	Pretty	An Old Maid	Star Gazing.
Ralph Peckham	Peck	Tease Hilda	In the Moon.
Georgia Youse	Starue	Reduce "Flesh"	Reading Ads.
Cara Robinson	Birdie	Sing Love Songs	Hunting Trouble.
Harvey Bacon	Pork Chops	Buy Sears Roebuck	In "History."
Velma Ross	Pertness	Become Sweet	Eating Honey.
Harry Whittern	Hessie	Deliver Milk	Fighting Bumble Bees.
Harry Magnier	Maggie	Please Hattie	At Votrol's.
Van Bell	Ham	Become Bacon	In the Smoke-house.
Bernice Jones	Comfort	Be a Cook	In the Kitchen.
Mabelle Youse	Queen	Be a Fairy	Reading Novels.
Hattie Voroil	Hat	Become Famous	In Doubt.
Velma McIntosh	Grannie	Be a Heroine	Hugging Kittens.
Gerald Taylor	Possum	Deceive	In a Hollow Tree.
Vane Friedline	Ahab	Be a Doctor	In the Grave Yard.
Virgil Youse	Gas Bags	Be a Magician	Playing Tricks.
Earl Jones	Smallness	Grow Big	Making Stretchers.
Sam Mull	Sammie	Raise "Cain"	In a Rag-sack.
Blanche Leonard	Serious	School Teacher	Down North.
Francis Roy	Pee Wee	Reporter	At Baldwin.
Permetta Smith	Shyness	Left Alone	Looking Wise.
Bessie Davis	Haughty	Play Hookey	In Convoy.
Walter Bucher	Stub	A Latin Teacher	Working.
Fred Bucher	Baby Face	A Poet	At Home.



Freshman—I suppose you think you're smart.

Senior—No sir, we are.

Miss Thurston—What is a political boss?

Norman—Hot air.

Boy—Did you ever see a snake Coil?

Girl—I saw one Coil, but he was not a snake.

A Rumor—It is rumored around town that Clifford Jones will follow in the footsteps of the great evangelist, Billy Sunday.

Standish—Yes sir, if you want things done right you must do them yourself.

Alden—How about a hair cut?

"Sam Johnson, you've been fighten' agin. You'se lost two of yo' front teeth."

"No, I aint, mamma, honest. I'se got 'em in my pocket."

"You make us drunk with mirth," cried she;

"I'm an intoxicating spirit," quoth he.

He is risen, He is risen,
(See my lovely Easter hat).

He is risen, He is risen,
(Fifty dollars, cheap at that).

Death is vanquished, man is free.
(It's becoming, you'll agree).

Very few artists can draw a horse, but almost any kind of a horse can draw an artist.

"George, darling," said the young wife, "you are growing more handsome every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."

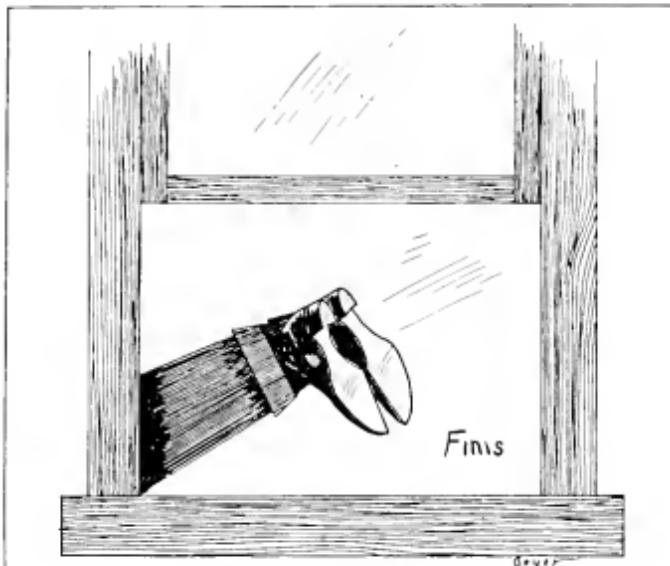
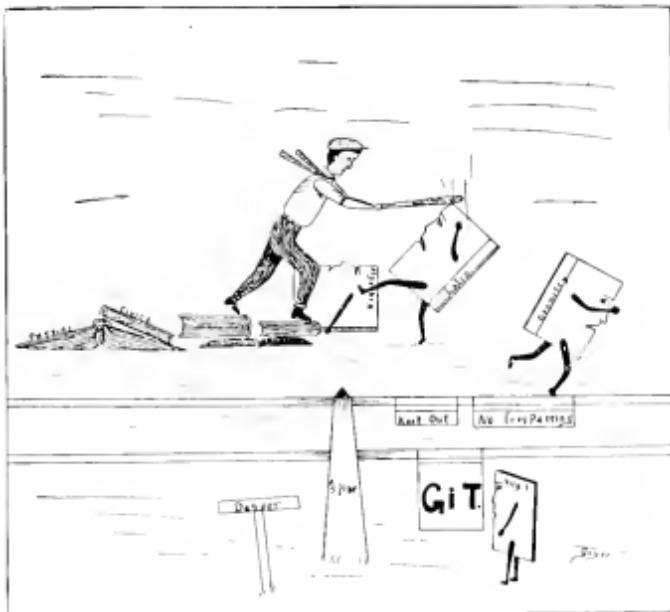
Dead men tell no tales, but maybe they hear some good ones.

"Your pa will lick you if he knows you are out here skating on this thin ice."

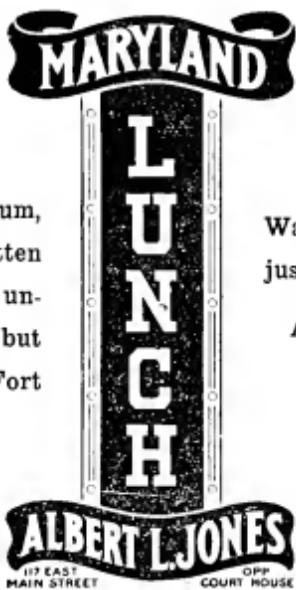
"But he won't know. He's busy writing my composition and doing my lessons for me."

Teacher—What did Longfellow do?

Pupil—He died in 1882.



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